

The Nation.

VOL. VII.—NO. 165.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1868.

{ FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
TWELVE CENTS PER COPY.

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Terms:—Five Dollars per annum, in advance; Clergymen, Four Dollars.

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GEORGE STREET, 30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C., AGENT FOR THE RECEIPT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADDRESS, PUBLISHER OF "THE NATION," BOX 6732, NEW YORK.

The Week.

MAINE being ready to speak, it is hardly worth while to prophesy as to the result of the contest, but we think no one who does not live in the South with Democratic neighbors about him need disquiet himself in regard to the turbulence of the Southern leaders. The news relating to the canvass in the North seems to be all in favor of the Republicans. The campaign has passed through two stages, and may now be said to be in that one which will last till after the day of the election. At first Grant's election was conceded by everybody; it was only a question among the Democrats as to who should have the compliment of the nomination. After Seymour was put up, and it was found that there was not so noisy and utterly disastrous a stampede from the Democratic fold as most impartial observers had predicted, the Democrats began to pick up courage, and this unexpected confidence lasted through the period of "ratification meetings." But now that both parties have got fairly at work, and that there are seen to be no disgusted Republicans left, while disgusted Democrats of considerable prominence—from the Hon. Mr. Weston, of Maine, to Mr. Sibley, of California, and from Chief-Judge Pearson in North Carolina to Judge Lindley in Indiana—are each week pronouncing in favor of Grant and Colfax, the Republicans feel their strength, and the Democratic rejoicings of a fortnight or three weeks ago sensibly abate. From Indiana the news is decidedly adverse to Democratic hopes. The Republicans have perfected a canvassing system not much inferior apparently—considering the more "magnificent distances"—to that which works so well in New Hampshire; mass-meetings are the order of the day, and are enthusiastically attended; the Democrats decline to meet their opponents on the stump; and altogether there is every indication that the result of the October election will not only give the Republicans the State, but will be of a kind to encourage the party for its November struggle. So also of Ohio, which the best-informed authorities, looking at the State by Congressional districts, pronounce absolutely sure for the Republicans by a majority a good many times larger than the majority of three thousand by which it was retained last fall. Pennsylvania is still to be put down as doubtful; it will take hard work to overcome the small Democratic majority, but we hear of some hard work being done. At the worst, then, giving Pennsylvania to the Democrats, the October elections, so important in their influence upon the "weak-kneed," will, no doubt, on the whole, be favorable to the Republicans. And nothing short of their being very unfavorable could, so far as we can see, prevent Grant's getting a majority of the 317 electoral votes, which are all there are even if we count the votes of Texas, Virginia, and Mississippi. Seymour may carry Pennsylvania (doubtful), New York (not certain), Connecticut (which will go Republican if Pennsylvania goes so in October, and

possibly will go so in any event), Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey (a State which there is a chance of Grant's carrying), Oregon, Alabama (which is as yet doubtful), Arkansas, Mississippi, Texas, Georgia, and Virginia, and Grant will still have all he needs.

Apparently the campaign in the Southern States gets more and more bitter, despite the somewhat less violent language which the orators have been warned to employ. Not that they do not allow themselves full swing on all subjects but that of open war against the present State governments. They make up for their enforced silence on that point by gross abuse of their opponents. Wade Hampton says, in a speech made in Anderson District the other day: "These scallawags and traitors should be branded with infamy and eternally stigmatized."

The word scallawag is used by drovers to describe the mean, lousy, and filthy kine that are not fit for butchers or dogs.

They have dishonored their State, and heaped everlasting shame on their families.

There are no words in the English language to express the utter contempt entertained by me for these renegades and traitors"—white Unionists, namely. For a year or so after the war a man suspected of being a Yankee took his life in his hand when he went into Anderson District; it is one of the darkest corners of the South. Possibly speeches like this last one from Hampton may do something towards bringing back the halcyon days of 1863. Another gentleman, speaking at the same meeting, says: "Who is Scott, before high heaven? He is the best-looking omnibus-driver I have seen in some time." "Scott" being General Scott, a hard-headed, sensible Western man, a brave soldier, and probably gentlemanly enough to think meanly of himself if he should foam at the mouth and call names when discussing the character and claims of his political opponents. Colonel Thomas was another of the Anderson orators, and of him we hear that "Colonel Thomas then described the South Carolina Legislature as a conclave of ignominy, ignorance, baseness, and depravity."

On either side of South Carolina, in Georgia and North Carolina, the canvass goes on, and the latter State becomes each day more certainly Republican. Chief-Judge Pearson's recent Grant and Colfax letter is worth thousands of votes to the Republicans, the judge being probably the most respected man in the whole State. Georgia, it seems to be daily more probable, will be carried by the Democrats. In the Legislature, on Monday last, a resolution was offered which declares that the State is full of "organizations in open hostility to the public peace and good order, threatening violence, and in many instances opposing the execution of the laws." The Southern governors, meantime, cannot procure arms from the Secretary of War, in consequence of an un-repealed provision of the Army Appropriation Bill of the last session of the last Congress, which was aimed at the negro-harrying militia companies of Mr. Johnson's provisional governors. In Alabama, too, the Republicans have work before them if they are to keep the State. From Mississippi we hear that the Democratic State Committee, which acts temporarily as a State Convention of the party, talks seriously of nominating Presidential electors in the face of the law which declares that the electoral vote of Mississippi shall not be counted. An adjourned meeting of the committee is to be held on the day after that appointed for the possible September session of Congress; and should Congress not then meet, one may expect this wanton incitement to disturbance. Louisiana remains quiet; General Buchanan has ordered his subordinates to send him word by telegraph if they apprehend trouble within the limits of their commands, but not to use troops without orders from him. He certainly ought to have the State well in hand, and will be held responsible for any outbreak that may

occur. The Texas and Virginia Democrats are said to have in contemplation the line of action which those of Mississippi are supposed to intend following. In Tennessee the Legislature has in hand a bill which could hardly be more lavish in its gift of power to Governor Brownlow if the State were involved in civil war. It will probably pass, for, in fact, Middle and West Tennessee are even now in a condition not far removed from civil war, and nobody thinks the state of things will improve between now and November.

The Brooklyn *Union*, which certainly knows more about the political condition of Brooklyn than we do, denies the accuracy of our statement about the lukewarmness of the Brooklyn Republicans, and says that, although they might do better, they are doing well. As regards the State of New York, the *Tribune* is very confident of a Republican victory, but gives expression to its confidence in its usual way—and that way, we need hardly say, gives no human being a clear idea of the real state of the case. Its general theory is, as well as we can make it out, that the Republican defeats in New York have always occurred on occasions of secondary interest; that "on a vigorous canvass and a full poll," such as this is sure to be, a Republican victory is certain. The small majority last year it ascribes to the absence of thousands of Republicans "in Europe and travelling on business"—as if the Democrats did not go to Europe or travel on business also—to the bad conduct of three Republican dailies in this city, and to from ten to twenty thousand fraudulent votes. This year a greater effort will doubtless be made, and Republicans have fewer burdens to bear in the shape of bad local legislation and local frauds. But then the Democrats as well as Republicans will be home from Europe; there is no improvement in the character of the "Republican dailies." As to the fraudulent votes, when the *Tribune*, in reply to the question, Will they not be cast this year in as large numbers as ever? replies, "No; we shall be wide-awake and on the alert this year; we shall be watching the villains," etc., there is nothing left for sensible men to do but to lay down the paper and smile. Everybody is so familiar with this kind of talk, and has seen it so often followed by defeat, that its continuance argues extraordinary contempt for the public understanding on the part of those who use it. The result in this State will depend, in the main, on the majority the Democrats carry out of this city and Brooklyn. That that will be enormous no one doubts, but it is a majority which, of course, exertion on the part of the Republicans can diminish.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, has been making a very able speech on the situation, in which he reiterates his heresies about the bonds, but neutralizes them by the admission that though the bonds may be payable in greenbacks, the greenbacks are certainly payable, and payable at once, in gold. The *Tribune*, which certainly shines in the greenback controversy, replies to this in a really unanswerable article, which, if printed together with Sherman's speech, would make a campaign document of the best kind. It points out that the very fact that the greenbacks are made by "the letter of the law" convertible into bonds at the pleasure of the holder, proves that the legislature did not suppose the bonds might be paid off in greenbacks, for the bond-holder, under the contract, would have the right to demand instantly another bond.

We are glad to see that General Butler is not going to resemble the somewhat celebrated Smithers, and "walk the course" in his Congressional district. The Grant Club of Salem, which seems to number among its members some of the best men of Salem and the region round about, have just "denounced" him—denounced him by implication to be sure, and without making bold to mention their new neighbor by name, still their references are direct enough to be understood. "Our candidates," they say, "must be supporters of the Republican party and its principles. They must be worthy men, loyal men, men of good moral character. They must be nominated, and fairly nominated, upon the Republican issues alone." Then, too, they adopted these resolutions: "Resolved, that we heartily endorse the platform of the Republican party, and ratify its nomination of Grant and

Colfax; that it is repudiation either to substitute greenbacks for United States bonds or to retain under the name of taxation any part of the interest due thereon." If now the honest and honorable Republicans of the Fifth District, remembering the truth—it is the simple truth, neither more nor less—that to send Mr. Butler to Congress is to injure their own reputation and that of Massachusetts, will work as hard against Butler and Loring as these two worthies have been working for themselves, they will deserve and receive the thanks of the whole party.

It must in justice be said of the *World* that it has been since 1862 the only approach to an opposition the country has had, and the only Democratic paper which has ever presented "the other side" of any question of the day with clearness and ability. It has doubtless more than neutralized any good it has done in this way by its faults, of which we have often spoken, and everybody knows what they are. Its greatest fault has undoubtedly been its gross and shameful abuse of General Grant, into which, we would fain hope for the credit of the press, it has been dragged by the low cravings of the rank and file of the Democratic party. It has, however, within a few days, sought to account for the extraordinary contradiction between its judgment on Grant in 1865 and its judgment on him in 1868—both judgments being very elaborate and written in its most careful style—by announcing that, in 1865, it was led away by its "enthusiasm," and said of Grant, while in the glow, that which calm consideration now shows to have been totally untrue. We give this explanation to the public for what it is worth.

If correct, it furnishes an awful warning to the enthusiasts of all parties, and especially to the *Boston Commonwealth*. Surely, after following the *World's* criticisms of Grant, they will beware of getting into "a glow." Our advice likewise is, and we offer it once more with great deference, to try in political discussion the human understanding simply. When one of them has written an article, let him, before sending it to the printer, strike out all the poetic and vituperative parts. The remainder, it is true, will present a very poor appearance; but it will still be the work of a human being trying to improve himself, and as such entitled to the respect of all good men. The second attempt will be found still easier, and in favorable cases, where the patient's natural parts are good and his education fair, he will be able in three or four months to write a column of average reasoning in clear, gentlemanly language. To repress the tendency "to glow," there is nothing like a wet towel round the head and sedative draughts. For the tendency to vituperation, the treatment ought to be moral rather than physical—walks in the country, early hours, and association, if possible, with cultivated and well-bred men—though this in many cases would be like prescribing port wine and carriage exercise to a pauper—and the reading of good philosophical works, but not histories or biographies, as "historical parallels" are the patient's worst enemies, and are often fearfully exciting.

Brick Pomeroy has accused Grant of stealing molasses, but the story has a feeble air about it, and is not funny. The question for honest Democrats will soon be, What species of commodity known in commerce has Grant not stolen, and what general of ancient or modern times ever displayed such military incapacity as he? The next greatest ass of history must, on the *World's* theory, have been Napoleon Bonaparte, for he too slaughtered great numbers of men, and was on divers occasions abandoned by his enemies on the field of battle—we suppose through horror of his butcheries and thefts. There is an affidavit from an English captain in "Her Majesty's Merchant Service," whatever that may be, showing that Vallandigham, or "Val," as Mr. Greeley bitingly calls him, ran the blockade during the war for the purpose of exciting riots in Northern cities. This, however, is not a campaign story proper, because Vallandigham is only a candidate for Congress. Mr. Pendleton and other Democratic stump orators have been speaking very respectfully of Grant, which makes it seem probable that the abuse of him has been found a failure, and that a change of tactics has been resolved on. This, if true, will place the *World* in a very awkward position.

The *World* and the *Commercial Advertiser* have had a terrible encounter during the past week, owing to the former having announced that the *Advertiser* was going down and would soon expire. Nothing could better illustrate the strength of the commercial instincts of the race than the fury which an insinuation of this kind always inspires. It is between newspapers the equivalent of the *soufflet* among continental duelists—a sign that all hope and all wish for peaceful relations have passed away. One newspaper may say that the editor of another is a noted cracksmen, or has stolen a horse from a one-armed negro, and time, or the intervention of friends, may wipe out the remembrance of the insult; but if it says that his circulation is declining, and will cease on an early day, it is usually taken as an indication of diabolical hate, which renders all further interchange of what are called "the amenities of journalism" impossible, and calls for a few observations on the assailant as "scathing" as time and means will permit. The insinuation is really in most cases resorted to as an expression of deadly hostility—a sort of hoisting of the black flag. It is, of course, of no use against long established and thriving journals, and yet even their nerves are rarely proof against it. The sensitiveness of some of them, whose prosperity is notorious, about their circulation, is amusingly shown in the mutual bets and affidavits to which they so frequently treat the public, and which they evidently consider of the highest interest to everybody. In the present case the *Advertiser* followed the usual, and, as we think, mistaken course, of getting into a rage and being brutal in reply. But, if we may be allowed to perpetrate "an amenity," we are glad to learn that it is thriving. We confess, however, we miss the articles on "H. G."

A party of deputy-sheriffs went to a theatre in this city during the performance to serve a writ on the manager, issued in a suit between him and the proprietor. They forced an entrance by knocking down the door-keeper, and then, going behind the scenes, pistol in hand, opened fire on the crowd of actors and mechanics, wounding a boy mortally and a man seriously, and continued the fire or threats of firing until overpowered by the police. It is not very long since one of the same fraternity went to a lawyer's office in this city to replevin a bill of exchange in a friendly suit, and not finding the lawyer who held it in the office, refused to comply with his partner's request to wait a few minutes, attempted to force the safe, and finally got the partner on the floor and proceeded to strangle him. The life of the latter was saved by the intervention of some clients, when the deputy drew his pistol on them all, and, on being overpowered and disarmed, had them arrested for assault and battery. Complaint was made to the Sheriff, but no notice, we believe, was ever taken of it. The deputy-sheriffs are drawn from the lowest grades of city politicians, and are generally men of pugilistic and pot-house antecedents, who have helped the Sheriff himself at the elections; and the bar has to bear with their idiosyncrasies for the simple reason that a lawyer who made himself obnoxious in the Sheriff's office would find his writs so extraordinarily difficult to execute that his business would leave him. From the courts, under the present system, there is of course no redress to be had, for the same reason that there is no use in complaining to the Sheriff himself. He has in this instance written a most impudent letter to the police justice, offering to take the blame of the conduct of his men on himself. But his share of the blame lies in his having such men in his employment. The penalty of their crimes they must pay in person. There is this peculiarity about all that relates to the administration of justice in this city, that what is told of it in the papers is always an understatement. Generally the press exaggerates; in this case, strange to say, it conceals or diminishes. The real horrors are only heard in private conversation.

M. Rochefort's affairs, which may now be said to furnish the topic in which Frenchmen are most interested, are becoming more and more complicated. It appears that he gave way after all, and did finally publish the ministerial communication about M. Billault and M. Sandon, but not till he had been prosecuted for refusing to do it. Moreover, instead of its occupying forty pages of his paper, as he said it would, it only occupied nineteen; and instead of injuring his paper,

it served it, for the number containing it sold as no number had ever done before, and in acknowledging this he invites the minister to become a regular contributor, and offers him five sous a line and a loaf of bread every day. It is right to add that the ministerial communication is neither more nor less than the report of the committee of the Senate on the Sandon case, from which it appears that M. Sandon was an unmistakable lunatic, and was so certified to be by the principal mad-doctors of Paris, and that all M. Billault had to do with his detention was his prosecuting him for an attempt to extort money by writing threatening letters. He was a monomaniac only, however, his delusion being that he had been outrageously wronged by M. Billault, and when M. Billault died all good reason for his detention was at an end. In short, M. Rochefort does not come well out of this affair, and, in fact, shows clearly that he is by no means a politician, or anything but a witty and not very scrupulous Frenchman turned "little digger." We have a swarm of such men in the press here, but few so bright.

La Lanterne has, however, been at last suppressed, the police even seizing the copies they saw sticking out of people's pockets in the street. The number contains an account of an assault committed by M. Rochefort on the publisher of one of the *petits journaux*, in which, he says, agents of the police had been defaming him, with the view of provoking and entrapping him. They first attacked only his personal character, then assailed the memory of his mother, and, hearing that they were going to libel his daughter, a school-girl of twelve years of age, he went and thrashed the publisher in default of other satisfaction. For this he has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment. The same journal which libelled him libelled also M. Wolff, one of the writers for the *Figaro*, in a similar manner. M. Wolff, instead of taking the law into his own hands, appealed to the courts, and the defendant was convicted and fined one franc. This case was mentioned in our correspondent's letter a fortnight ago. These *petits journaux* have reached a lower depth of degradation than any other newspaper since the press came into existence, not excepting the *La Crosse Democrat*, for even it and the Southern papers, we believe, respect the female relatives of their victims; and so do, thus far, the "little diggers" of our Northern journals.

Some amusing details of the voting of the last French loan of \$100,000,000—which, by the way, has been taken in a rush, but at a lower rate than American securities now bring in the European markets—have been received by mail. The debate in the Senate on the bill—one of the most important of the session—consisted of one speech of eighteen lines from the reporter, the Marquis of Audrifet. The committee on the bill had it twenty-four hours under consideration, including their sleeping and eating hours. The vote followed immediately after the marquis's speech. There were ninety-one senators present, and there was a majority of ninety-one for the bill, and the division was followed by cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and an immediate adjournment. Our distinguished representative, Mr. Cobb, when he moved last session the introduction of a bill taxing Government bonds ten per cent., and then immediately afterwards moved "the previous question" also, evidently had some such swift legislation as this in his glorious eye; but we are still behind the French in many things, and he had to submit to the stupid formality of a short debate.

The Emperor has delivered a short speech at Troyes, in which he declared that the peace of Europe was in no danger of being disturbed, and the newspapers have been discussing it ever since. It has given a good deal of relief in business circles, but there is still in many quarters a lurking suspicion that his last word has not been said. The opinion that France must fight soon is certainly stronger amongst well-informed persons than it was a year ago. The armament is too great to be borne without war, and the dynasty is for various reasons in a weakly state. The story is in circulation that the Queen of England has gone abroad on a diplomatic mission, having in view a general disarmament. The state of her health only is sufficient to make the report ridiculous, though there are plenty of other reasons for paying no heed to it.

[Aug. 27, 1868]

PROBABLE EFFECTS OF THE DECISION ON THE LEGAL TENDER ACT.

THE influence of all legislation affecting ever so remotely the currency of a country is so widespread that the approaching decision of the Supreme Court touching the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act, to which we called attention in our last issue, is beginning to be very seriously discussed among many very different classes of the community. The political, or, more correctly speaking, the partisan importance attaching to the mode of paying the national debt, and to other purely financial questions, has caused the currency difficulties to be temporarily lost sight of; but thinking men have always known that before this currency question even the debt and taxation fade into comparative insignificance, and that no attempt in whatsoever direction to re-establish our financial affairs on a solid basis can be of the slightest avail until we have first restored to health and soundness that foundation of all finances—our currency. Not the wisdom of our representatives, not the forethought of our Treasury officials, but the practical necessities of daily business transactions are bringing this issue to a settlement—a new and striking illustration of the incompetence or backwardness of the whole body of officials.

What is the question that the Supreme Court will be called on to decide? Not, as many people may think, Is the Legal Tender Act constitutional? Issues do not come before the Supreme Court in that shape. The Supreme Court, like any other court, can only decide questions of right between individuals. Brown owes Jones a thousand dollars. Brown hands Jones a one thousand dollar greenback in payment. Jones refuses to receive it, demands one thousand dollars in American gold coin, and sues Brown for that amount. The question for the Supreme Court to decide is: What does Brown owe to Jones? and nothing more. Brown appeals to the Legal Tender Act, which says that the greenback shall be a legal tender for all debts public and private, and claims that all he owes to Jones is paid by the thousand dollar greenback. The court decides, supposing that should be its decision, that the laws of the country know no dollars except gold dollars, that Brown's appeal to the Legal Tender Act cannot be admitted, because that act, in the opinion of the court, is not in accordance with the Constitution, the supreme law of the land, and is therefore no law at all, and that Brown owes and must pay one thousand dollars in gold coin. This decision, of course, fully and finally settles the case of Brown and Jones, and for all practical purposes settles in advance all future cases of a precisely similar nature, and to that extent entirely destroys the force and validity of the so-called Legal Tender Act. But, as before stated, the Supreme Court decides *only* on questions of right between individual suitors, and its decision in any one case can of course prejudge only cases that are precisely similar. It is therefore desirable to state more explicitly what the general nature of the different cases may be that are likely to come up for decision, without any reference to the cases actually under consideration.

The cases likely to come before the Supreme Court under the Legal Tender Act may be placed in four different groups: 1st, Claims for payment in coin of engagements entered into *prior* to the passage of the Legal Tender Act, in cases where the original contract simply calls for the payment of dollars; 2d, Claims for payment in coin of engagements entered into *subsequent* to the passage of the act, where the contract specifically states or clearly implies that payment is to be made in coin; 3d, Claims for payment in coin of engagements entered into either prior or subsequent to the passage of the act, in cases between foreigners and American citizens, where the contract was made abroad, and does not specify the nature of the currency; 4th, Claims for payment in coin of engagements entered into subsequent to the passage of the act, in cases where the contract does not specify the nature of the currency. It will be seen that almost every case likely to arise can be placed in one or other of these groups, and that at least four decisions on four different cases will be necessary to enable the general public to understand how its interests are to be affected by the opinion of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Legal Tender Act.

As far as the political and legal associations and the implied or expressed opinions of the majority of the judges enable us to arrive

at a conclusion, we are, as stated in our former article, very decidedly convinced that the court will base all its decisions on the declared unconstitutionality of the Legal Tender Act, and that, in all cases belonging to the three first groups described above, the court will decide that payment is due and must be made in United States gold coin. In the fourth case, however, we are, after mature consideration, more inclined to believe that the decision will be against the claimant, on the ground that, although the Legal Tender Act be unconstitutional, and the very issue of the greenbacks perhaps be illegal, yet the existence of the greenbacks and their undisputed acceptance as the general popular currency was an accomplished fact of unquestioned notoriety, and that after the passage of the act and the issue of the currency every contract made was made with the knowledge of the act and of the currency, and with the implied understanding, which is absolutely not to be questioned, that, in the absence of all other specification, payment was to be made in the accepted, universal, undisputed currency of the time. We repeat: if our judgment of the men composing the Supreme Court is correct, they will decide that an agreement to pay money, if made before the passage of the Legal Tender Act, is an agreement to pay gold coin; and that an agreement to pay money, if made subsequent to the passage of the act, is an agreement to pay greenbacks; and that an agreement to pay gold coin, no matter when or where made, is an agreement to pay gold coin, and cannot be settled by the tender of greenbacks or of anything else, but solely by the payment of the only money known to the Constitution. These decisions would be in accordance not only with the known views and antecedents of the majority of the judges, but with equity, common sense, and the requirements of an exalted statesmanship. The injustice of the Legal Tender Act is generally admitted. The great majority of wrongs perpetrated under it cannot ever be repaired, but under the supposed decision of the Supreme Court no further injustice could be done in any case originating prior to the act and not yet settled, while it is possible that some redress may even be found for flagrant cases settled by consent or under judicial decision. In no case can the gross injustice practised in 1862 upon creditors under the protection of the Legal Tender Act be an excuse for, or an argument in favor of, practising a similar or worse injustice upon the debtor class in 1868. In fact, the history of the world has shown that, while wholesale injustice to creditors, if rare, is still possible, wholesale injustice to debtors is a practical impossibility, and has never been attempted without resulting in revolution and social anarchy. The recognized impossibility of this injustice, as well as the moral aspect of the injustice itself, make it seem likely that the declaration of the unconstitutionality of the Legal Tender Act will not practically involve the compulsory payment in coin of legal tender engagements now outstanding.

If our view of the approaching decision be correct, its main effect will be to establish virtually a double currency for the United States, by declaring that the only currency recognized by the Constitution, the gold coin currency, is the only currency that the law can recognize; that all debts of whatsoever nature are legally payable in coin; but that if contracts exist between individuals calling for payment without specifying the kind of currency, although the judicial presumption thereafter will be in favor of a gold coin currency, yet proof shall be admissible that another currency—greenback currency—was intended, and that the burden of such proof shall thereafter fall upon the debtor instead of the creditor. It is evident that this re-establishment of a gold coin currency legalizes gold contracts far more completely and more satisfactorily than the otherwise well-intended but unsuccessful legislative attempts of the last session of Congress, and is, of course, as we have constantly urged, an important step towards a resumption of specie payments. It is equally evident that the declaration of the unconstitutionality of the Legal Tender Act must debar the Government of the United States from ever claiming any legal right to pay its indebtedness in greenbacks. But beyond the legalization of gold contracts, the settlement of some important relations between individuals, and the additional force given to the claim that the debt of the United States is payable in coin, the supposed action of the Supreme Court in declaring the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional is not likely to produce immediate results. It is certainly very far from at once restoring

specie payments, as many sanguine people seem to expect it will, for the simple reason that, as we have repeatedly shown in these columns, specie payments had been suspended long before the Legal Tender Act was dreamed of, and that the Legal Tender Act merely attempted to legalize a state of things brought about by events entirely beyond legislative control. The Legal Tender Act did not produce suspension, but it rendered resumption more difficult; its abolition cannot restore specie payments, but it no longer renders resumption impossible.

The essential condition of a resumption of specie payments is a reasonable degree of certainty that the coin required for banking reserves shall not be suddenly withdrawn for export or for hoarding. The suspension of specie payments was brought about by the withdrawal of the banking reserves for hoarding. The resumption of specie payments is prevented by the steady and increasing withdrawal for export of the coin required for banking reserves. Our domestic fears brought about suspension; but it is the condition of our foreign commerce that renders resumption impossible. For three years past our supply of coin has steadily decreased, the exports during the last six months alone being over fifty millions, or double the total product of the Pacific States during that time. For three years past the mistaken policy of our Treasury management has made our gold coin, our precious bank reserves, our only hope for an early resumption, the cheapest article in our markets, and has actually held out an inducement to foreigners to come and take it away. While Mr. McCulloch was doing his best to make our bank reserves as cheap as possible, the Legal Tender Act was making them practically useless, by exposing the lender of gold to the risk of having his loan repaid in greenbacks. This last evil the abolition of the Legal Tender Act would greatly tend to remove, and would to that extent contribute to the resumption of specie payments. But as long as our national extravagance permits or encourages the continuance of our present enormous importation of foreign merchandise, so long will our supplies of coin continue to decrease, the resumption of specie payments be rendered more difficult and more distant, and the abolition of the Legal Tender Act be of but slight avail. Nevertheless, as the first step in the right direction, after long, weary days of wandering from the true path—as the first sign of returning judgment after years of dementia—let us by all means offer it welcome, and let us hope that our anticipations of the course of action to be adopted by the Supreme Court may prove to be well founded. The Legal Tender Act once removed from our path, the peace that General Grant bespeaks once restored, we shall only need to return to our old ways of honesty and economy to see ourselves once more resume our old career of prosperity and progress.

THE SOUTHERN LEGISLATURES AND THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

We have not been very much impressed by the arguments of those Republicans who commend Governor Smith because he vetoed the bill empowering the Legislature of Alabama to cast the electoral vote of that State. For there seems to us very good grounds to fear that any popular election held in Alabama next fall will be, so far as concerns the expression of the popular will, a farce. If it does not turn out a bloody farce, it will be, if we are not mistaken, simply because many voters of the majority, being in fear of their lives, will submit to a minority threatening violence. The Federal soldiers in Alabama are very few; just how small is their number we do not know, but South Carolina is as well supplied with garrisons as Alabama and the South generally, and in all that State the military posts are to be but three—Charleston, Columbia, and Aiken. Now, we have no manner of doubt—no one needs have any doubt who has heard what General Thomas says about Tennessee, or who reads Southern papers and the reports of Southern speeches—that without United States troops to prevent intimidation, and even murder, the colored voters of Alabama, to say nothing of the white loyalists, will have to stay away from a good many of the polling-places, unless they choose to hazard a fight. Every day's news from the South shows that the hopes of what may be called the rebel element of the population have never been so high since the war as they are now, nor the determination so strong to take all possible means of carrying the South for Seymour and Blair. Everybody knows what it is that the Southern Democrat hopes for from the success of

that ticket, and how little there is except his own will to prevent his taking the extremest measures to bring about the desired result, and how successful such measures were in Mississippi, despite the decided majority of colored voters in that State. What reason Governor Smith or any other man can have for supposing that the next election in Alabama will be a tolerably fair one we cannot see, nor hardly how anybody can expect it to be peaceful.

If this is really the state of the case, why should not Alabama, Louisiana, and Georgia follow Florida's example, and let their legislatures cast their electoral votes? Of course no one doubts their constitutional right to do so; but why, on the ground of high expediency, is it not the best thing to do?

Several objections are brought forward. First, it is said that the present legislatures were not chosen for the purpose of choosing Presidential electors. But to make this objection very weighty, it would seem to be necessary to show, first, that when the people this spring ratified the Radical constitutions and elected members of the legislatures, the issue was not the same as it is now and will be in November; or, secondly, it will be necessary to show that, the issue being the same, the mind of the people has changed. Even if this were admitted, it might be answered that in the case of each constituency the representative would be likely to know the change and to regard it. But the fact is that, unless perhaps in the case of Georgia, there is no reason for supposing that any such change has taken place, and we think no one would say that the issue is not substantially the same. The question now is of the stability of what was this spring established. A Southern vote for Grant, as the Alabama Legislature plainly said, is felt to be essentially the same thing as a vote to go into the Union under the Republican conditions of reconstruction. And we have no more doubt than we have in regard to the identity of the two issues as to whether the legislatures could speak the mind of their constituents on the relative merits of Seymour and Grant. At all events, the Alabama Legislature is as competent to speak for Alabama as her Ku-Klux Klan is, or her disfranchised citizens, and after all that, practically, is about what the matter comes to.

In the second place, it is said—Governor Smith lays great stress on this point—that to take away from the people at large and give to the legislature the right to cast Alabama's vote for President would be unreplican. This brings us face to face with the practical question again. How republican does Governor Smith suppose would be the election in Mobile, or Atlanta, or Charleston, or New Orleans, should there be in those cities, on the third of November next, no United States police to protect the majority of the voters? How republican will it be in Kingstree and Opelika and Natchitoches? It is not considered unreplican that the legislatures should elect senators; it was not originally intended, nor was it at first the practice, that the electoral college should have no discretion in giving its votes to the various Presidential candidates before the people. But leaving out of view considerations of that kind, what is there republican in allowing the minority to set at naught by illegitimate means—by main force, in fact—the wishes of the majority? It is simply because for generations the spirit and the whole structure of Southern society was thoroughly unreplican, as the minority would like to make it now, that we to-day have United States troops there, and negro voters to be protected by them, and Governor Smiths in office. If at present we have republicanism there, if the majority has for a little time been ruling, it is only because hitherto the National Government has supported by the military arm what military force established—recently for the first time established. We may as well admit—Governor Smith and the rest of us—that exceptional means are required for the continuance of the exceptional republican condition in which the South now finds itself, and to which the Southern minority intends to put an end as soon as it can. The military forces of the Government—which we need not again say we are sorry to see withdrawn from the Southern States, which were never so well governed as since 1865—are, practically, no longer available for this purpose. Why not, then, use all possible means which can be found in the Constitution—though they may be somewhat exceptional in character—for subserving the same purpose that has been subserved by the national forces, which for some time have been all

that prevented a minority from oversetting the government of the majority? That this overturn should be possible may be and is a bad thing; Governor Smith may believe that it is a state of things which ought to come to an end, and, further, that soon it must come to an end. We are not going to take issue with him as regards that, but we in his place should have held that the new government of Alabama ought at least to be allowed every constitutional chance to live till it can be seen whether the election of Grant and the certainty of four years more of Republican rule will not, as may reasonably be anticipated, have a quieting influence on the now turbulent Southern minorities. Certainly there is no reason for ruining it by a *doctrinaire* stickling for an abstraction, by an unpractical reverence for a merely nominal republicanism whose practical effect will almost surely be the coercion of the larger by the smaller part of the people.

In the third place, it has been said that the effect at the North of the course which we on the whole feel inclined to recommend to the Southern governors would be damaging to the Republicans in the fall elections. This is matter of opinion; we strongly doubt whether, in view of the accounts that come to us of the terrorism which already begins to reign at the South, the Republican party would not gratify their Southern brethren in going to the utmost limits of constitutional right for the purpose of preventing an election all but absolutely certain to be dishonest, and very likely to be bloody. This last consideration—the probability that on the day of election there will be, in many places, several hours of what may almost be called civil war—this alone, aside from any thought at all as to the effect which the election in these three or four States may have on Grant's prospects, might well enough have prevented Governor Smith's veto.

In the foregoing we are replying, in part, to the arguments of the *Chicago Tribune*, a journal from which we always dissent with some hesitation. Whether the considerations we bring forward are entitled to any weight or not, the Southern legislatures can best judge. If they believe they can preserve the peace on election day, by all means let the electors be chosen by the popular vote. But any legislature which knows it has not the means of preserving order, and knows that order will not be preserved, owes it to the people to prevent the enactment of a bloody farce, by doing the voting itself. We do not want to see, and we are sure the *Chicago Tribune* does not, the repetition of what passed in Alabama last spring, when the constitution was defeated. The Unionists, we were then told, were kept from the polls by force and fraud, and it was then solemnly determined by the Republican leaders to disregard the result of the vote and act as if the constitution had been formally adopted, and Alabama was accordingly admitted under it. This we considered at the time a serious blow to republicanism and to popular respect for law and plighted faith, and we do not want to see the party exposed to the temptation of repeating it. It ought, therefore, to ask itself this question now, frankly and fairly: "Are we prepared to see every State in the South carried at the muzzle of the pistol for Seymour and Blair?" If they are, then let the popular vote be taken, and let us have no whining over the result. If they are not, let troops be got ready to preserve order thoroughly—there is no force in the South now for any such purpose; or else let the legislatures vote as they may legally do.

THE EMPIRE AND THE "LANTERNE"

THE history of the *Lanterne*, M. Rochefort's little weekly, furnishes a striking illustration of the difficulties with which the French Government has to contend, and of the vanity of the hopes in which the Emperor has now for seventeen long years been indulging of making his dynasty, before he died, a fundamental political fact, about which discussion might rage without danger to the throne. His theory has been, that what is wanted in order to secure France against the frequent revolutions which have marked her history since 1789 is the formation of new political habits, and that any government which could maintain itself till the habit of respecting it as a fixture—or, as we should call it here, an "institution"—was formed, might count on a career of indefinite duration, perhaps as long as that of the Bourbons. He has, therefore, set deliberately to work to create this habit for the benefit of his own dynasty, and with the firm faith that the thing was possi-

ble, and with a firm determination not to stick at trifles in striving after it.

His writings during his exile and imprisonment committed him, as fully as writings, when out of power, can commit a man to anything when in power, to the concession of the largest liberty of debate, both on the platform and in the press; but he has never until now permitted any liberty of debate whatever, and has shown himself in his constitution and in his policy the worst enemy the French press has ever had, except his uncle. This he justifies, however, by alleging—through his partisans, of course—that this freedom of speech can only be safely granted, and is only granted in any country, on condition that something in the Government be treated by all parties as unassailable and unchangeable. This thing in America is, he says, a republican form of government embodied in a written constitution, or, if you will, the sovereignty of the people, and he insists that freedom of speech would not be permitted here if a large portion of the press became the advocates of monarchy, or aristocracy, or anarchy. So in England, the throne or the government of the kingdom by three estates, is treated by all parties as a fundamental, unassailable fact. Were the right of either of them to exist to be questioned by the newspapers every day, society would, in self-defence, curtail the liberty of the press. Let the various political parties in France only treat the Napoleonic dynasty as fixed and sacred, and he will let discussion rage in France also.

Unfortunately, however, to create the habit which in America makes the sovereignty of the people, and in England the legitimacy of the monarchy, the great postulate from which all political controversy starts, a long period of popular acquiescence is needed. This in France can only be secured by repression; but repression stimulates the very questioning which it is intended to drown. Moreover, a parliamentary government involves free discussion as a matter of course. In order to avoid free discussion, you must have the personal government of the monarch; and if you have the personal government of the monarch, you expose the monarch himself to responsibility for all public misfortunes; and as long as he is exposed to this, the habit of respecting the dynasty as a fixture cannot grow up. After seventeen years' experiment, therefore, the Emperor finds himself still moving in a vicious circle, with as little prospect of repose as ever. The legitimacy of the dynasty is not only as much questioned as ever, but a generation has grown up which remembers nothing of the terror which made the *coup d'état* possible, and caused Louis Napoleon to be hailed as the "Savior of Society." The generation which is now interesting itself in politics, and which is criticising the Empire, and to which the Emperor is looking for the recognition of his son, cares nothing about the "*spectre rouge*" by which its fathers were so frightened in 1849.

Moreover, the "*spectre rouge*" can no longer be said to exist. The terrible "Reds" are a thing of the past. Communism, in all its forms, has died a natural death in France. The new generation of working-men know nothing of it. Their attention is entirely turned to co-operation in various forms—either for production or consumption, or for the extortion of a larger share of profits from capitalists—as the true remedy for the evils of their condition. They no longer expect anything from the state, except greater freedom of action and the reduction of the army. They are no longer hostile to property. The political sense, too, is acknowledged to have grown amongst them with extraordinary rapidity. M. Reybaud, a French economist, who is in general disposed to take a rather low view of the mental and moral condition of the working-men, bears strong testimony in their favor on this point in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, calling attention to the remarkable fact that the working-men of Paris were the first to take heart after the *coup d'état*, the first to believe in the possibility of the restoration of political life, when the middle classes were despairing or indifferent, and that it was owing to their exertions, organization, and votes that the first five opposition deputies were returned to the Corps Législatif; and we all know that it was the indignant eloquence of these five that roused France from her stupor, and gave her that consciousness of her degradation to which her present uneasiness is due.

Another circumstance which is rendering the Imperial plan difficult of realization is the great change which has taken place in the condi-

tion of Europe since 1851. At that time the reaction was everywhere triumphant. Parliamentary government was supposed to have received a mortal blow. It had failed in France, failed in Austria, and though it lived in Italy it lived miserably on Austrian sufferance, and was generally believed on the Continent to have had a narrow escape in England. Since then it has everywhere triumphed. Austria is free and constitutional; Italy is free and constitutional; Germany is constitutional and nearly free; oligarchy is on its last legs in England, and democracy has come triumphant out of a desperate struggle in the United States. French pride is touched to the quick not simply by the total loss by France of the position of head-propagandist of liberal opinions, which she had held ever since Waterloo, but by seeing her subjected to a régime from which every other Christian country except Russia has escaped as intolerable and degrading, and, to cap the climax, by seeing her standing sentinel over the Pope and assisting in the preparation for an *Œcumical Council*, in which it is confidently believed the modern world, with all its works and ways and ideas, including "the principles of '89," will be handsomely cursed.

What is worst of all, the men of education, and especially the young men of education, concentrated in Paris, are dead against the Government. It is "the thing" nowadays, as it was between 1820 and 1830, for French students, artists, literary men, and advocates to hate the priests and the "authorities," and to make demonstrations against them. Competent observers say there has never been such hostility to the clergy in France as these classes now cherish, and lose no opportunity of displaying. The Empire has absolutely no hold on them. When a son of General Cavaignac, Louis Napoleon's old rival, was called up the other day to receive a college prize at the Sorbonne, at the hands of the Minister of Public Instruction, the sturdy young republican refused to go because the Prince Imperial was standing beside the minister, and, as it were, patronizing the ceremony, and the refusal was loudly applauded by his fellows. Sainte-Beuve, as the foe of the Church, is now the hero of the Quartier Latin, and a striking evidence of the extent to which the tide of opposition has risen amongst men of culture of more mature age is afforded by the fact that M. Grévy has just been elected "bâtonnier" or president of the Order of Advocates of Paris, although his professional position is not high, simply because he is an opposition candidate for election to the Corps Législatif. Those who know how sensitive the French are about all the professional proprieties will appreciate the force of this demonstration. Now, it may be true that the peasantry are still devoted to the Empire, but if the peasantry can save the Empire after the intellect of France has turned against it, France must have undergone some great change of which there is as yet no sign. The very centralization to which the Government clings as its main-stay makes the adhesion of the provinces of no use to it, and makes it completely dependent on the capital, in which its enemies most do congregate.

The popularity of M. Rochefort and his *Lanterne* is under these circumstances easily understood, and so is the sensitiveness of the Government. The kind of attacks he makes on it, which are a combination of rather light wit and biting sarcasm, with somewhat coarse caricature, would certainly be annoying anywhere to individuals, but there is no country but France in which they would be considered dangerous to the state. But the fact is they appeal to what is stronger in Parisian Frenchmen than their political sense, and that is their sense of order and logic. In almost any other community the class to which M. Rochefort belongs—a class which is known here as "lively writers"—produces little or no impression on the public mind. They amuse, and in times of excitement stir up the fire a little, but they never influence the popular judgment on grave questions, and certainly could never bring the public to doubt seriously the right of the Government to exist. But in France the absurdity of a political arrangement or any want of congruity between facts and phrases excites hostility as fierce as would outrages on public liberty, and every political arrangement the country has had since 1789 has been in the strict sense of the word absurd. The speeches and the books and pamphlets of everybody engaged in the work of government have dealt with a state of things which did not exist, with a France of the mind, in fact, which the writer or orator conjured up *ad hoc*. During the First Empire every public document

was drawn on the theory that the first desire as well as duty of every Frenchman was to die for the Emperor. During the Restoration, in like manner, governmental acts were based on the theory that there was nothing Frenchmen desired so much as to wipe out every trace of the Revolution, and live in the shadow of the old altar and throne. In Louis Philippe's day peace, simple peace, was treated as the national *summum bonum*, and the present Government talks and acts as if all Frenchmen, except a few low-minded persons, were overwhelmed by the spectacle of the Imperial wisdom and goodness. Educated Frenchmen see the humbug of all this just as clearly as "practical" Americans or Englishmen, and when anybody undertakes to expose it artistically, as Rochefort does, they go into ecstasies over his sallies, and may even be roused by them into a fury of disgust; but having no "realizing sense" of the possibility of improvement as the result of discussion or agitation, look on or share in the contest as men look on or share in the abatement of a nuisance, and not as men look on or share in the work of reform. In a healthy political atmosphere Rochefort could no more circulate 125,000 copies of his paper than he could get that number of persons to live on cocktails; and it cannot be said that he is in the least helping on the political education of Frenchmen. People do not turn readily from champagne of this kind to the somewhat flat and unexciting liquids which are all that real liberty and progress in most cases have to offer. They might as well seek to cultivate in a gambling-house or theatre a taste for the sober joys of home and the dull routine of ordinary business.

LYING FOR THE RIGHT.

To any person interested in lies and liars the Presidential campaign offers an opportunity for successful investigation such as is rarely met with. At no other period do the liars show themselves so fearlessly and are the lies to be seen in such abundance and variety. Of course there is always plenty of lying going on around us, but at no other time is there systematic lying with reference to a fixed object. In ordinary times men lie loosely and individually, for all sorts of objects, without order or method. During the campaign they lie on a preconcerted plan, by columns of battalions, every lie being uttered in combination with thousands of others. The interest of the occasion to the scientific observer may therefore be imagined.

The classification of lies devised by the New York *Tribune* is now the one most generally received, and on the whole it is, perhaps, as good a one as we are likely to have. But it has one serious defect; and it is a defect which well illustrates the justice of John Stuart Mill's remark, that "a true psychology is the indispensable scientific basis of morals, of politics, of the science and art of education"—viz., that in its definition of a lie it entirely overlooks the fact that a lie must be the product of a deliberate intention to deceive, and that therefore its phrase—or, rather, the common phrase—"he lies, and he knows it," is a pleonasm. Nobody can lie without knowing it. This being so, a large number of assertions which Mr. Greeley places in the category of simple lies must be taken out of it, and placed in that of unintentional falsehoods. There is no doubt whatever that the many false statements of his political antagonists which he so frequently exposes are made in good faith, and in the belief that they are true. There are so many versions of every political occurrence, so many ways of looking at the character of every political man, and so many different inferences may be drawn from the simplest bit of statistics, that the cases are very rare indeed in which it is safe to assert positively of a political speaker or writer that "he lies" and is a "villain;" if, indeed, the charge of lying does not always include that of villainy. But in the *Tribune's* classification of well-marked or acknowledged lies—such as most campaign attacks on the character of candidates are—we doubt if any improvement is likely to be made in our time.

The campaign, too, affords a striking illustration of the stimulus which the progress of society has given to lying, and the enormous increase of power which the liar has derived from it. In the ancient and mediaeval world the public was doubtless more credulous, but his powers of reaching it were so limited that, no matter how great his skill or energy might have been, he could accomplish very little. Very few of the great liars of antiquity or of the Middle Ages were able to circulate a lie beyond the city in which they lived, and even there only imperfectly. The slander of opponents, too, was, as a weapon either of offence or defence, comparatively worthless, because it required prodigious efforts to get a slander before more than a very small number of persons, or before them in a perfect or

effective shape, so rapidly do stories change in passing from mouth to mouth. It therefore required only about half as much virtue to be a truth-teller in old times as it requires now, because the temptation to lie was only about half as strong. The whole ancient and mediæval world offered no such example of the triumph of moral principle as the modern world offers in the person of a truthful editor, or telegraph operator, or orator. A lie told in the agora of a Greek city was comparatively a feeble thing; a lie told on the stump or in an editorial article in the United States has the wings of the morning, and flies to the uttermost ends of the earth. No one can say so heartily as the modern liar, "Knowledge is power," for no one's condition has the growth of knowledge so much improved. The invention of newspapers has, in fact, done for the liar what the invention of gunpowder did for the man-at-arms—it makes difference of strength or weight of no account on the battle-field. In the absence of widely-circulated periodicals, the great or good man with the unblemished reputation cared little for the mendacious Bohemian. His name was known and his character established over a wider area than the Bohemian could possibly cover with his slanders. Now the Bohemian has him at his mercy, just as a boy with a revolver would have a knight armed cap-à-pié at his mercy. When the Bohemian says to 50,000 people that the great man stole a service of plate, or was seen, the night before last, drunk in the gutter, what can the great man do?

It ought to be observed, however, that campaign lies are, unlike the common lies of ordinary periods, told upon a definite theory, and that theory is that to do a great right it is sometimes lawful to do a little wrong. There is very little gratuitous and utterly wicked lying in a Presidential canvass. We have no doubt whatever that even Brick Pomeroy comforts himself with the reflection that his lies are helping in the accomplishment of a great end, and are therefore excusable. To say that Grant is a beastly drunkard, or that he uses stolen plate at his table, is a small matter; whereas to defeat Grant, relieve the South from her "shackles," and overthrow the tyranny of the Radicals, would be a great matter. Therefore it is well to lie on, the guilt of lying, like the guilt of killing, being dependent on circumstances. We feel satisfied, too, that if an examination of motives could be made, it would be found that a large number of the frauds on the Government are committed on a similar principle. The amount that any one man can steal from it, the cheat says, is hardly felt by the nation, while it adds enormously to his happiness and that of his children, and may produce a marked improvement in his character. Of course a regular thief of the lower grade does not number self-improvement amongst the objects of his stealing, but there is no doubt a large number of poor peculators who do. There are few poor men who do not feel that they would find it far easier to be honorable and conscientious if they were well off, and plenty of them put their scruples to sleep by dreams of the pious uses to which they will devote their booty—the churches they will build, and the widows and orphans they will comfort.

It must not be forgotten, too, in judging Brick Pomeroy and his like, that his delusion, if our presumption as to his state of mind be correct, is a very ancient one, and has been and is still shared by men who stand well with the world, and stand well with their own consciences as moralists and reformers. Lying has been freely used in the service of the very best of causes during the last three hundred years, ever since, in fact, the principle of association for religious and philanthropic objects came into common use, and since means of publicity began to be extensive. The Jesuits reduced it to an art, and made it one of their most powerful weapons, openly proclaiming that the use of calumny against the enemies of the order or of the faith was at least excusable, a doctrine which still has a strong hold on the minds of large bodies of excellent men in every Christian country at the present day, though doubtless if presented to them in its naked simplicity they would indignantly repudiate it. Many of our readers doubtless remember Pascal's delicious story, in the "Provincial Letters," of the quarrel between the Jesuit, Father Alby, and M. Puys, a priest of a parish near Lyons. M. Puys published a little book, inculcating the duty of attending one's own parish church, instead of running about after strange preachers. The Jesuits were then preaching a good deal, and Father Alby thought the book was aimed at them. So he denounced M. Puys, who was an old and respected clergyman of unblemished reputation, from the pulpit, as a man of licentious habits, whose intrigues with women were notorious, who was suspected of being an impious heretic, and who deserved to be burnt at the stake. M. Puys was overcome by these accusations, and after some negotiation, finding what the trouble was, formally declared that nothing was further from his intention than to attack the Society of Jesus, which, on the contrary, he honored and loved. Wherupon Father Alby said that it was his belief that M. Puys meant to

attack the Jesuits which had led him to use the language complained of, but that "knowing better what his intention was, he declared there was nothing to hinder him from holding M. Puys to be a man of enlightened intellect, of profound and orthodox learning, of irreproachable manners, and, in a word, a worthy pastor of his church."

Now, this sounds very comical, but the principle on which the worthy father acted has by no means completely fallen into disuse. It is seen in a very coarse and brutal form in the campaign lies of the newspapers about the candidates—in, for instance, the *World's* daily contradiction within the last three or four months of what it said three years ago of Grant's talents and character, the facts, except his nomination for the Presidency, remaining precisely the same. But it is also found in quarters where more attention is paid to moral distinctions. On many of the reform platforms there is very little trouble taken to ascertain whether stories which are being circulated by the members to the disadvantage of men considered unfaithful or unfriendly to the cause are true or false. We would not charge these gentlemen with inventing slanders, but they certainly give little sign of caring whether they are slanders or not before they pass them on. Between the circulation of such stories as they spread abroad a year ago, of Grant's having been drunk in the streets of Washington, and the invention of them, there is doubtless a distinction of which human critics are bound to take notice; but if it be a distinction to which the Divine Intelligence will attach much importance, either our logic or theology is at fault.

We might multiply illustrations of the same sort indefinitely from the columns of the "organs" of various reform movements. A good biting story against an "enemy of the cause" is generally published cheerfully and without enquiry; if his acts admit of two constructions, the worse is put upon them, circumstances which tell in his favor are carefully concealed, or his refutation passed over without notice. A striking illustration of this particular form of lying was afforded after the impeachment trial, when the accounts given of Trumbull, Fessenden, and others were in such ludicrous contrast with the accounts which the same organs would have given of the same gentlemen the week before the verdict, in a controversy with a Democratic opponent, that one could almost fancy in reading them that one heard the joyous wagging of the devil's tail. In the temperance agitation, there is visible the same tendency to "help on the work" by loosening the obligation of truth-telling. The rules of evidence are not so strictly enforced in examining into a charge of drunkenness against a moderate drinker as they would be in an enquiry conducted by the same persons on any other subject; and we fear presumptions are adopted against unbelievers by good Christians with a laxity which they would not display if it was the fair fame of a brother believer that was at stake. The tendency to be untruthful is, in fact, in such partly involuntary, and the victim is often entirely unconscious of it himself.

That the world is growing worse in this respect we do not mean to say. On the contrary, considering the prodigious increase of temptation and of population, we think it is growing better. We doubt, for instance, whether any campaign has ever been conducted in this country with so great a regard to truth and decency as the Republicans are displaying in the conduct of this one. Whatever indications of deterioration there may be are found not in the fact that the number of liars increases, but that the liars are a better kind of people, and that the bad effects of lying on society at large are being hidden by the good use made of lying in particular cases. But we cannot consider the effects of lying for the right fairly without remembering that modern society is weakest on the side of the virtues which are covered by the term *bona fides*. It is gaining prodigiously in humanity and sympathy, but whether it is gaining, or seems likely to gain, in honesty, truthfulness, scrupulousness, and candor is still a disputed question; and it is to this side, therefore, the attention of moralists should be directed.

One other thing ought not to be overlooked, and that is, that confining the term education to the training children get in schools is a dangerous abuse of language. Children get a very small part of their education in schools; of their moral training, so called, hardly anything. Their notions of truth and justice they get from what goes on around them in society—from the conversations and the speeches they listen to, the newspapers they read, the acts they see their relatives commit; and those who flatter themselves that the injurious influences of a canvass filled with lies and vituperation, or of the spectacle of the use of immoral agencies in the furtherance of a good cause, on the opening mind of boys, can be counteracted, on the whole and in the long run, by set lessons in morality or religion, given by paid teachers or even by parents, deceive themselves. Every man who mounts a platform or takes up a pen, there-

fore, with the determination not to be too fastidious, or "too particular" about accuracy, provided he can "help on the work," is a corrupter of youth, who puts the world back two steps for the one he helps it forward, and on whom a cup of hemlock, if it could be lawfully administered to him, would not be thrown away.

Correspondence.

RECONSTRUCTION AT YALE COLLEGE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

It is not probable that a careful reader of the letter in your issue of the 13th inst. upon "President Woolsey's Reconstruction Policy" will be misled thereby; but yet it may be well to briefly notice some of its misleading statements or implications.

1. That, "not content with his proper glory," but possessed by "the Haussmann mania for demolition," President Woolsey originated the plan which involves the removal of the long row of brick buildings which "Academia" describes as "toned down with age to a warm and sober brown," but which, to less imaginative minds, are dingy red in hue, and the erection of stone structures on the sides of the college plot. Neither President Woolsey nor any other single individual is to be credited with said plan, but the necessities of the case. The present chapel, recitation-rooms, and dormitories have long been felt to be inferior to what the best interests of the college demand, and their removal has only been a question of how and when. The general opinion of those acquainted with the college "parallelogram" is, that to have the four sides occupied with appropriate buildings, and an open space in the centre, will be the best economy as to space, and will produce the best architectural effect.

2. That not "to destroy the ancient convenience (?) and beauty (!) of the college arrangements" "would leave a generous fund to endow the library and pay first-rate instructors." The money now at the disposal of the college for the proposed new structures was donated for this especial purpose, and cannot be used in any other way. However much the college authorities might desire to use these funds for the improvement of the library and to increase the inadequate salaries of the professors, they have no choice left them. The money was given for the erection of new buildings (in one instance, at least, for their *speedy* erection), and cannot honestly—probably not even legally—be used to other ends. It is undoubtedly true that the library needs a more liberal endowment, and that the "first-rate instructors" who now so faithfully serve the college are entitled to much larger salaries than they receive; but some other way must be found to accomplish these desirable results, as far as relates to the funds in question, than by a delay in the erection of the structures they were given for until after this present doleful period of a "low state of architecture and high price of building." The cost of building at present, undeniably, is "high," and the state of architectural knowledge must be "low" when so authoritative a critic as "Academia" can describe Alumni Hall as Gothic; but his plan for providing a proper support for such men as now compose the college faculty, and for the needed enlargement of the library, is hardly practicable. The result of his plan might be a "*generous fund*" for the ends named, but certainly would not be a just use of the money, and the college authorities are not men who are inclined to be generous (especially not to themselves) at the expense of injustice to others.

3. That the proposal for a change in the membership of the college corporation emanates from a desire to increase the clerical influence therein. The practical effect of the change which President Woolsey suggested in the *New Englander* of October, 1866, would be just the opposite to that which "Academia," ringing the changes on church and state, suggests. At present the corporation is composed of the president of the college, ten clergymen of the State of Connecticut, who elect their successors, the governor and lieutenant-governor of the State, and the six senior members of the Senate. It very often happens that these senators feel no interest in the affairs of the college. They have only cared to be senators of the State of Connecticut, and not at all members of the board of corporation of Yale. The former office they have striven to obtain—the latter they only accept as an unavoidable adjunct of the former. However attentive to their duties as senators, they give scarcely any attention to their duties as members of the corporation—in the majority of cases do not even attend the meetings of the board. There have been honorable exceptions, but the statement just made has been too generally true. Thus, in practical operation, the corporation has been chiefly clerical in its constitution, and by the requirements of the college charter the clergymen composing it

have all been from the one State of Connecticut. However well this has worked in the past, when Yale was less of a university than it is fast coming to be, there are obvious reasons for a change in the future. The change proposed is to substitute for the six senators six graduates of the college, chosen, without regard to their occupation or location, by the whole body of the graduates. This, plainly, will give the graduates more control than they at present possess over the college, will naturally tend to maintain their interest in it, and, by bringing into the corporation picked men from different parts of the Union, and of varied experience as to men and affairs, will inevitably serve to make the college more national and universal in its management than can be expected at present.

Although "Academia's" eye for color and architecture appears to be strangely constituted, he can probably see that the proposed change will not at all tend to make the corporation of Yale (and this, and not an "autocratic" faculty, is its controlling power) more clerical than, contrary to the intention of the charter, is now the case, and that it only promises benefit to the Alma Mater which doubtless he loves.

E. L. H.

AUGUST 17, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Now that your correspondent "Academia" has introduced the subject of the Yale College buildings, I wish you would give me space to say a few words that seem to me to need saying.

As a graduate of the college, I am interested in its prosperity and have a right loyal love for it. More than that, I hope to place my own sons under its training. And, therefore, I do most earnestly beg that no other building may ever be erected for college purposes on the present grounds.

The desirableness on some accounts of a change of location has been felt and admitted by a large number of the alumni, and others taking an interest in the college, for a number of years; but the imperative necessity for a change, and the feasibility of it, do not seem to be at all comprehended by the governing powers of the college, whoever they may be. And, with "Academia," I wish there might be some way of making them understand and feel the influence of the sentiments of the great body of the alumni and other friends of the college living at other places than New Haven.

It would seem as if it ought to be sufficiently clear on mere inspection that the college has outgrown its present limits. It has not even a comfortable ball-ground which it can claim as its own; and the students are only allowed, by an unwilling sufferance, to make use of a portion of the public green for that purpose. The college is in the heart of the city, in the midst of noise and dust, and a student cannot find a place sufficiently retired for rehearsing freely in the open air without a walk of a mile or more. In short, all modern ideas of comfort and propriety require for such an institution abundant room, which Yale College has not.

But, setting aside all these things as not worth what such a change is likely to cost, there are other reasons which to my mind are conclusive and overwhelming. These are the unfavorable sanitary conditions of the present location. I would say nothing to create needless alarm, but the present position and condition of Yale College are unhealthy, and are growing more so every year.

The city of New Haven has now a population of 50,000 or more. It lies on a plain only a few feet above the level of tide-water. Its only outlet to the sea is a shallow harbor five miles in length. It has no natural advantages for good drainage, and up to the present time there are no indications of any systematic effort to supply the deficiency. Public water has recently been introduced, and the free use of this on the streets and about dwellings, which, with a proper system of drainage, would undoubtedly conduce to health, without such a system does exactly the reverse. It is true that a few (not more, I think, than two or three) of the main streets have sewers for taking off the surface-water and such wastage as occurs along their lines, but these have been only very partially availed of, so that all the filth, garbage, and exuvial matter of 50,000 people goes into the soil to come back again as miasma. Fevers and dysenteries are common. Contagious diseases are not easily checked. Fever-and-ague is by no means so rare as it once was, and that this state of things is growing worse is undeniable.

The remedy is not easy; the city, for one of its size, is not rich; its government is controlled by men who are not likely to appreciate the importance of sanitary precautions, and a majority of its voters are of that class who would not be likely to support them if they did. Any thorough system of drainage would necessarily involve heavy expense; the engineering difficulties are considerable; and it is not likely that anything short of pestilence will fully arouse the people to a sense of their necessities in this

regard. In the midst of this city, and partaking of all its disadvantages, the college is now located.

Within a mile of its present site are high and dry lands, healthful, easily drainable, easy of access, not too far removed from the city for all purposes of daily convenience—though the college ought in any case to have its own independent post-office, and perhaps telegraphic and other facilities. I have understood that the college already owns a considerable tract of this sort, but this may be a mistake.

Now, what are the obstacles to the change? First and greatest, I fear, is the conservative obstinacy of two or three individuals whose position and strength of will threaten to make them omnipotent in this matter. But the ostensible objection is the expense—mainly the necessary sacrifice of buildings now on the ground. Now, the only new and valuable buildings on the present site, and the only ones which it is proposed in any event to retain, are three—the Street Art building, the Library, and Alumni Hall. In regard to the Street Art building, it is so little connected with the academic course that, even if the college were removed, it would be better on all accounts where it is, for, though under the care of the college, it was never intended for undergraduates, but for the public at large, including the advanced students, and for students of art. That question, then, is readily disposed of.

The Alumni Hall, on the other corner of the lot, is an ugly pile, but roomy and substantial, and could easily be turned to any secular use without the least sense of desecration or unfitness, and would bring its full value for some such purpose.

The Library building is the worst elephant of the lot, and might have to be got rid of at some sacrifice. Then the whole College street front could be sold, judging from values of neighboring property, for a sum many times greater than the cost of a suitable site, supposing the college not to own one already. But I must not waste your space with details. The question is—How can we graduates and friends of the college, who want to send our sons to a healthful, pleasant place, and regret to turn our backs on Old Yale, get this change brought about? Let us at least hear from each other.

A GRADUATE.

Notes.

LITERARY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. add to their announcements "The Unconscious Truth of the Four Gospels," by Rev. Dr. H. W. Furness; "A Few Friends," by M. E. Dodge; and "The Maternal Management of Infancy," by F. H. Getchell, M.D.—J. C. Garrigues & Co. announce "Life Scenes from the Old Testament," by Rev. George Jones, who for many years has been a chaplain in the U. S. Navy.—Leypoldt & Holt, among many promised additions to their stock of text-books in foreign languages, announce these works of general literature: Madame de Staél's "L'Allemagne" and "Corinne"; "Œuvres Choisis de Racine," including "Bérénice," "Bajazet," "Phèdre," "Esther," "Athalie," "Mithridate," and "Iphigénie"; Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth" and "Claire d'Albe"; and Bernardin St. Pierre's "Paul et Virginie" and "La Chaumiére Indienne."—Robert Carter & Brothers announce "Wind-wafted Seeds," by Dr. Guthrie and Dr. McLeod.—G. W. Carleton announces "The Ring of Polycrates," by an anonymous writer; "The Art of Reading," by Sidney A. Cox; and "A New Juvenile," by Mrs. M. J. Holmes.

—We have discussed elsewhere the use of slander in the service of good causes, and have cited an amusing example of it from Pascal. We have found since the article was written another illustration, almost as good, in a report of the proceedings of the San Francisco Board of Education. A Mr. Cobb, one of the members, insisted on the immediate dismissal of one of the teachers, Professor Williams, on the ground that he "had rudely shoved a teacher;" that "he had no control over his temper, words, or actions;" and that to keep him in his place under such circumstances "would be cruelty to animals." A day or two later, however, an investigation having been made in the meantime, Mr. Cobb read the following declaration before the board:

"The school" (Professor Williams's) "is a credit to the department, and Professor Williams shows himself entirely competent and capable in every respect; wherefore, any charges made are withdrawn, having been made naturally under the circumstances, but later developments having shown that no good could arise from further pressing them; and it is admitted that the same would not have been made if as much had been known at the commencement as now."

—Among interesting new English books recently issued or soon to be issued we see the names of these: "The Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, based

on Contemporary Documents preserved in the Rolls House, the Privy Council Office, the British Museum, and other MS. Depositaries." The work, which is still in press, and may not be issued for some time by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., is by Edward Edwards, Esq. The Rev. F. D. Maurice is the author of "The Conscience, or Lectures on Casuistry," which seems hardly the book for him to do well with. Mr. F. T. Palgrave's name is put to a book with the title, "Entertainments at Wentworth Grange," of which we have no more than the title, but it cannot be Mr. Palgrave's and be bad. Mr. Crabbe Robinson, not long since deceased, was for many years intimate with the set of which Coleridge, Lamb, and Keats were the chief men, and also with Blake the artist, Rogers, and many more. He left behind him memoirs which it is now proposed to publish, and which will assuredly be very entertaining, interesting, and valuable. "Salient Points of Scripture History" is a book that our clerical readers will find of use to them. Zebina Cooper is the author, or rather the compiler, of it; and what the work will be may be gathered from the descriptive title of Part I.—"The Pentateuch, with a short account of the ancient versions and of the English translations, from that of Wickliffe to the authorized version, genealogical tables, tabular views of the wanderings, the great Jewish feasts," etc., etc.—"The Memorials of London and London Life in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries"—a work prepared by order of the Corporation of the City—contains a series of extracts, local, social, and political, from the City archives. It ought to be a treasure to the novelist, and certainly not valueless to the historian, and the Corporation merits praise for its liberality.—The next volume of the pretty little Bayard Series, of which we have several times spoken, and of which we intend speaking again before the holidays come, is the volume on which Mr. Morley was at work when he discovered the supposed Miltonic poem. The title is, "The King and the Commons: Cavalier and Puritanic Songs." It will contain a photographic fac-simile of the "epitaph," and a temperate summary of the internal and external evidence bearing on the authorship—a task which, we have no doubt, will be well performed by Mr. Morley, though he is one of the parties to the dispute. Other books of the same series that are announced as forthcoming are Johnson's "Rasselas," Horace Walpole's brummagem "Castle of Otranto"—brummagem, but as stable and dear, for all that, as the best castle that ever was in the air; and the "Table-Talk and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington," a work which, if it is well compiled, will be well worth having.

—We may mention here that a Bristol and London house is announcing the sixteenth thousand of "The Girl of the Period," "reprinted verbatim, by permission," from the *Saturday Review*—which will be encouragement to Mr. Redfield to go on with his scheme of republishing that and its sister articles in this country. By the way, a letter comes to England from India which says: "Did you see that article in the *Saturday Review*, some time ago, called 'The Girl of the Period'? It was spiteful and untrue; but Captain — tells me it has done an immense deal of harm out here. It has been translated into Hindostani, and the people are all saying, 'Why should they educate their women if that is the result of the education of English women?'" Another one of the *Saturday Review's* articles—that entitled "Mr. Gladstone Descends into the Gutter," which the *Spectator* thought a disgrace to journalism, and which probably was of the nature of a spiteful stab—is now in circulation throughout Lancashire, where Mr. Gladstone is on the hustings fighting all the Stanleys, who, however, are not to be supposed guilty of mailing the diatribe in question.

—As for English books which are more particularly interesting to Americans as Americans, we may mention these: Mr. John McMullen is the author of an octavo "History of Canada, from its First Discovery," etc.—a work which ought to have some attractions for American readers, as being the only tolerably good history of their nearest neighbors that is extant. A new edition of Professor C. D. Cleveland's "Concordance, or Verbal Index to the whole of Milton's Works"—a book that has been much thumbed of late in England—is announced by Sampson Low, Son & Marston; "Artemus Ward, his Book" and "Major Jack Downing's Letters" also appear in new editions. Trübner & Co. have put on the English market Mr. D. G. Brinton's "Myths of the New World" and Professor James D. Dana's "System of Mineralogy." Mr. J. W. De Forest's "Miss Ravenel's Conversion," a lively, sensible, satirical novel, which our readers will recollect, is well spoken of abroad; but so is Mr. Bishop's "First Book of the Law," which somebody in the *Saturday Review* seems to have criticised without opening it at all!

—To many persons belonging to that highly respectable body of American citizens known as "the intelligent reading public" Signor Cibrario will stand as a mere name; others, however, will at once recognize Ci-

brario as a man of some note as a statesman, but still better known as the author of a "History of Political Economy in the Middle Ages" ("Economia Politica nel Medio Evo"), which is regarded not only in Italy, but also in France and Germany, as a work of the highest authority. The treatise on "Slavery and Servitude" ("Della Schiavitù e del Servaggio, especially dei servi Agricoltori"), by the same author, is to comprise three volumes, the first of which has just been published at Milan. It differs from the writings of Muratori, Guizot, Savigny, Laboulaye, De Tocqueville, Wolowski, Golesco, and the many other eminent men who have discussed this subject, in the fact that the latter have treated the question of slavery in some one of its particular phases—social, economical, or national—whereas Signor Cibrario gives a general history of servitude in all its forms, and the gradual modifications which it has undergone in ancient, mediæval, and modern times. The moral, legal, political, and industrial aspects and influences of the institution are also fully considered. A very interesting portion of the book is the detailed account of the traffic in children which, during the Middle Ages, was carried on by the maritime states of Italy, and especially by Venice. These children (called *anime*) were usually brought from the coasts of Dalmatia and Istria, or from inland cities like Verona and Brescia, and sold for a term of years, and became free on attaining the age of twenty. This peculiar traffic began in the twelfth century; in the fourteenth century it was considerably ameliorated by a decree of the Venetian Senate providing that all *anime* should have the right to purchase their freedom by the payment of six ducats, and that they should in no case be held to involuntary service for a longer period than four years. These and other enactments of a like tendency so diminished the profits of the inhuman commerce that towards the close of the fifteenth century it ceased altogether. Among all peoples, and in all ages, the most numerous and important class of slaves have been servile tillers of the soil (*servi agricultori*, or *colonati*). In the present volume Signor Cibrario simply notes the various forms assumed by this species of servitude in ancient times, and the different juridical problems to which it gave rise. In the two subsequent volumes of his work he promises to give a more extended treatment of this branch of the subject, and to trace its history through the Middle Ages down to the present day.

—A recent number (Vol. XXII., p. 249) of the "Journal of the German Oriental Society" ("Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft"), edited by Dr. Krehl, contains an account of the founding of a new university at Pekin, not only with the sanction but also under the patronage of the Chinese Government. The project originated with Prince Kung, whose memorials to the Emperor on the subject are given in full in the above-mentioned journal. A large space in the programme of study is devoted to astronomy, mathematics, the natural sciences, and the mechanical arts. The necessary buildings have been erected, with an observatory constructed after European models and equipped with the best instruments. The professors are mostly French and German. These gentlemen are already in Pekin studying the Chinese language and otherwise fitting themselves for their peculiar work. The innovation, of course, meets with the most bitter opposition from the learned caste, which has hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of erudition; and Prince Kung is accused of treason against the venerable traditions of the nation and of disgracing the Celestial Empire by introducing foreigners as instructors. The institution is expected to go into operation in about two years, and if well managed will produce very important results. Prince Kung, in his last memorial and proposals addressed to the Emperor, refers to a general petition which had been presented previously, and which we believe set forth pretty well the principles on which the new institution is founded. If so, there is to be an examination of candidates before admission; the pupils are to live in the university, so that they may be within easy reach of their masters and out of the reach of temptation; there are to be monthly examinations; every three years there shall be a general examination; successful students shall be admitted into the public service. One regulation—proposed but not, so far as we are aware, adopted—is to the effect that "the students shall be properly paid while pursuing their studies; and this pay shall consist not of board and lodging merely, but also of a sum of ready money monthly, in order that the pupils may not indulge in melancholy reflections which are fatal to mental activity."

—That publishers' advertisements cannot always be implicitly relied upon is a truth known to all book-buyers. A fresh illustration of it we had lately on ordering, from Germany, according to an unqualified announcement, the *fifth* edition of that very valuable and very comprehensive cyclopaedia, "Pierer's Universal Lexikon der Vergangenheit und Gegenwart, oder Neuestes eneyclopädisches Wörterbuch der Wissenschaften, Künste

und Gewerbe," now being issued at Altenburg. This new edition is not only advertised, but also marked on the title-page as "fünfte durchgängig verbesserte Stereotyp-Ausgabe." Receiving the first three volumes, we were curious to know to what extent and with what degree of accuracy the newest and latest information is being incorporated in this "thoroughly revised edition" of the "Neuest Cyclopaedic Dictionary" of the "Past and Present." We turned to the letter B. General B. F. Butler is certainly a unique general and statesman. What of him? Not a word. Burnside, too, though one of the commanders of the famous Army of the Potomac, is totally ignored. So is Beauregard. We knew Pierer to be far from fastidious in the selection of his immortals, and the thing began to look suspicious. One more test of the same kind we applied; John Brown we sought for. He, too, was wanting. We were now convinced of having been deceived. We looked for decisive proofs, and found them in abundance. Carlyle's earlier writings, great or small, are all enumerated; but there is no mention of his "Frederick the Great." If we may believe Pierer, D'Azeglio is still living; Von Beust still Minister of Saxony. The respective histories of Australia, Baden, Bohemia, etc., are brought down to 1857 only, the year of the publication of the corresponding articles in the *fourth* edition. Only here and there, where a change could most easily be made, a few words have been inserted—as in "Bismarck"—or a new population figure—as in "Brooklyn"—to base the claim of *Verbesserung* upon. *Caveant* book-buyers.

—The second volume of Cav. De Rossi's "Roma Sotterranea Cristiana" has been just published by the *Cromolitografia Pontifica* at Rome. It is accompanied by a chart of the latest explorations, representing in different colors the several divisions of the catacombs, and thus enabling the reader to follow the author through the subterranean maze with comparative ease. The present volume (like the first, which appeared in 1864) is devoted to the exploration and rehabilitation (if such a term can be applied to a tomb) of the famous cemetery of St. Calixtus. The author aims to prove by monumental evidence that primitive Christianity was not wholly confined to the poor and plebeian classes, but that it had its representatives among the wealthy and aristocratic families of ancient Rome, and particularly in the celebrated *Gens Pomponia*. Many things which in the first volume were thrown out as simple conjectures are here verified by inscriptions. On the whole, this work is the most clear, full, and scientific account of the catacombs that has ever been published.

—That witty writer, of almost unprecedented fertility in prose and poetry, August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben, has now concluded, with the sixth volume, the recollections of his "Life"—a work of unusual interest to the student of our times. The author is now in his seventy-first year. His work is published in Hanover.—L. Spengel has issued, at Munich, the third part of his "Aristotelische Studien," embracing "Politics" and "Oeconomics."—Of two comprehensive geographic-statistical works by the Prussian Minister of War, Albrecht von Roon, one—"Anfangsgründe der Erd-, Völker- und Staatenkunde"—has, within thirty-four years, reached its twelfth edition. The first edition appeared in 1834. The merits of the author in this field and as a writer on military science are generally regarded as being of a high order. German political newspapers quote from this, his latest publication, various passages on the political condition of the principal states of Europe—utterances to which the position of the writer and his participation in the late great events in Central Europe lend a particular interest.—G. F. Kolb, the author of the "Handbuch der vergleichenden Statistik," etc., which we noticed lately, has issued, at Leipzig, the first number of a universal history of civilization, entitled, "Culturgeschichte der Menschheit," etc. The work is to consist of two volumes of moderate size, the one embracing an "Introduction" and "Antiquity," and the other "Middle Ages" and "Modern Times." It is a book of no mean pretensions, being planned to become a kind of philosophical history of mankind in its various developments, physical, intellectual, moral, and political. The little that is before us allows of no decided judgment concerning its merits.

—At the time of the French Revolution the women were in much the same ferment that we see them in now; and then, as now, they had their champions who said sensible things, and their champions who were on the same intellectual level with the writers in the paper called the *Revolution*. "The gallantry of Frenchmen," says one of the petitions of the women to the States-General—"the gallantry of Frenchmen should now give a grand example to the world. Women, forming the sounder and the larger part of the people, should compose a fourth order in the States-General. Their graces would not be without their use in inducing the clergy to let the church property be sold" (as was afterwards done, we

regret to say, without the aid of the ladies' charms), "and in inducing the nobility to renounce their privileges. What is the great wealth of a country? Population. Whence comes population? From marriage. Suppress, then, the bachelors. Accord no rank as a citizen to any man who is not married and has not at least one child," etc., etc. Another "requête des dames" of the period cries out in an equally threatening manner, "You intend to abolish the privileges of the nobility! Abolish also those of the masculine sex." It is, perhaps, worth remarking that there was then the same (comparative) scorn and contempt of the African in the female breast that was volubly expressed in Kansas a while ago. "There is talk," says Madame B. B., in her "*Cahiers des doléances et réclamations des Femmes*"—"there is talk of enfranchising les nègres: why not enfranchise the women also?" The negro is ahead, sure enough. Madame B. B. says, however, many sensible things, and is by no means a writer to be laughed at. Among the rest, she says—it is less true to-day, but nearer the truth than it should be—"It is all-important to change our rules for the education of young girls. School us no more as if we were destined to the pleasures of the seraglio. We must one day partake your good or bad fortune. Do not deprive us of the education which will enable us to aid you either by our counsel or our labor, or to replace you if by a natural or premature death you should leave us charged with the maintenance and education of your children."

MONTLONG'S MEXICAN REVELATIONS.*

EARLY in February, 1867, a few days before Maximilian set out on his fatal march from Mexico to Queretaro, the city which, after a seventy days' siege, was to witness his downfall on May 15, and his execution on June 19, he entrusted Wilhelm von Montlong, an officer of his staff (it is this officer and his friends who state it), with the task of elaborating, from official documents, an exact and detailed account ("noticia exacta y pormenorizada") of the conduct of the French army during its stay in Mexico, the evacuation of which it was then completing. The task was executed after the death of the Prince with devoted zeal, but without the aid of materials sufficient for an exhaustive work on so interesting a topic. The book which embodies the results of what is introduced to us as a labor of love and devotion to the memory of "the unfortunate monarch" is too fragmentary, and the documentary evidence adduced to support some of its most important assertions hardly ample enough for their corroboration. But even so, these new "Revelations" are an interesting contribution to the history of our time and continent. Written not "sine ira et studio," they have, at least, the merit of strengthening opinions generally current in camps hostile to that of the author.

"The empire began with treason," says Major Montlong, "and treason brought about its end." Maximilian, he believes, would never have accepted the crown carried to him at Miramar had he not been most artfully and treacherously deceived concerning his election as emperor. This may be true only to a degree, but the grossness of the deception which was to serve as the basis of a new throne and dynasty is revealed in the following: The principal inhabitants of Monterey having been assembled by the French General Jeanningros—who acted precisely as others did in other towns—he addressed them in these words: "The Emperor of the French, always anxious to promote the welfare of all unfortunate nations, and desirous to establish your happiness, has determined to transform the Mexican Republic into a rich and flourishing empire, and has selected for your emperor the most liberal and enlightened prince of Europe, the Archduke Maximilian of Austria. But Napoleon wishes Maximilian to be elected by the general vote of the nation. I have called you here, therefore, to receive your votes." And advancing a few steps towards the assembled Mexicans, he added, with a threatening countenance: "N'est-ce pas, gentlemen, you accept the prince whom the Emperor Napoleon sends you?" To which the assembly, intimidated by a squad of French troops posted in front of them, answered, "We do," and the general, turning to an officer of his staff who collected the protocols, said: "Write, sir, that this city has voted unanimously for the empire, and let these gentlemen sign the document." The notables of San Luis Potosi, who refused to sign a similar declaration, were thrown into prison, kept for thirty-six hours without food, and thus compelled to submit.

This is an example of the political dealings of the French invaders in Mexico. Of their military deeds in that country we learn some that hardly redound in a higher degree to the glory of "the great nation." General Mangin having on the occupation of the village of Montealto found out

* "Authentische Enthüllungen über die letzten Ereignisse in Mexico. Auf Befehl Sr. Majestät des Kaisers Maximilian, nach Dokumenten bearbeitet von Wilhelm von Montlong, k. mexic. General Stats-Major, etc." Stuttgart. 1868.

the suspicious disposition of its inhabitants, he had forty-six of them, noted as the most "liberal," arrested in the night and shot without trial or sentence. This ferocious act may be ascribed to the prompting of incipient insanity, as the general shortly after lost his reason; but other barbarities are related for which, unfortunately for human nature, no such plea can be raised. A Captain Charrier, of the Foreign Legion, is charged with having, by threats of execution, forced the prefect of a small town to sign the death-sentence of his own brother, whose only crime was his attachment to the liberal cause. According to our narrative, however, atrocities like these were much more frequently committed by the "liberal" Mexicans than by the French champions of "civilization." The native allies of the latter naturally make no exception, and in a retrospective glance a butchery of almost unparalleled atrocity—executed at Tacubaya in 1859—is related in which the future Imperial generals, Miramon and Marquez, were the chief actors. Miramon—we read—in an order concluding with the words "God and law!" decreed the execution of all wounded officers found in the hospital at that captured place, and Marquez included in the hecatomb the seven physicians whom he found administering to the wounded. And yet Miramon is one of those few Mexicans of whom our author occasionally speaks with admiration, a sentiment which Maximilian must have fully shared if it be true that, a few minutes before their common execution, placing him between himself and General Mejia, he addressed to him these words: "Even monarchs must admire the brave; before dying I cede to you the post of honor." Miramon himself, who energetically protested his constant fidelity to the cause of order, died with the words "Live the Emperor" on his lips. The Emperor lived a few seconds longer, during which he vainly tried to recover breath after the deadly volley. His last words and acts—his enemies acknowledged it—were worthy of a better cause than was his, viewed in the mildest light. Mejia alone sank in silent despair, having, a moment before, seen his wife in mad anguish running through the streets of Queretaro with her baby in her arms.

The men of whom our author speaks with almost unqualified contempt are Marquez, Lopez, and Marshal Bazaine. In Marquez's tardiness to relieve Puebla, then besieged by Porfirio Diaz, he sees the main cause of the disasters which terminated the last struggle of the empire. His obstinately prolonged defence of the capital after the fall of Queretaro—a defence made possible only by atrocious deceptions practised on the decimated and starving garrison—he ascribes to purely selfish motives. The treason of Lopez who is stated to have sold Queretaro to Escobedo—yet with the intention of aiding in the flight of Maximilian—is represented as a fact the authenticity of which is proved by a mass of irrefragable evidence. Bazaine, whose impeachment before the tribunal of public opinion and of history seems to be the main object of the book, is charged—not without proof—not only with sordid selfishness, extortion, peculation, and cruelty, but also with duplicity, intentional abuse of instructions, falsity to the interests of both France and Mexico, hostility to the cause of Maximilian, and even conscious military treachery—the motive being the marshal's secret intention, fomented perhaps by his Mexican marriage, to make himself master of Mexico as president or otherwise. The bloody Imperial decree of October 3, 1865, is represented as having been extorted by the heartless Frenchman, and made doubly fatal by his still more sanguinary secret instructions concerning its execution. These are certainly no isolated accusations, broad as they are, but, as we have stated, they are not sufficiently substantiated by the documentary evidence.

The little that is said in the book of Juarez and Porfirio Diaz betrays, if it does not display, the writer's antipathy to the former and esteem for the latter. He detests most of the Mexican leaders in both camps, unveils the corruption and treachery that doomed the Imperial Government to barrenness and precocious decay, excuses the crimes of one party only by those of the other, and finds the Mexican people, with their bandit warriors and ignorant and profligate clergy, "utterly demoralized by a civil war of forty years' duration, which has broken all the springs of the machine of state, distracted all minds, and adulterated every sentiment of duty, honor, and social integrity." He considers the Conservative party, both in Mexico and Central America, as doomed, finally, to succumb to the Liberal, and that—the late Mexican Imperial officer acknowledges it without hesitation—on account of its greater rottenness. And yet he is convinced that Maximilian undertook the gigantic task of regenerating such a nation with the aid of such a party in good conscience and from noble motives, and that his victory alone could have secured to the distracted country the blessings of peace, order, and civilization. But was this victory possible after the downfall of the Southern Confederacy, even if Bazaine and the Mexican Imperialists remained faithful? Was it still possible in the latter part of 1866, when the French commenced their retrograde

movements, preparatory to their return to France? Was it still possible when Maximilian returned from Orizaba to the capital to continue the struggle single-handed? Was not the gallant stand made at Queretaro as useless a waste of blood—for honor's sake, perhaps—as was the post-Imperial defence of Mexico by Marquez, from less honorable personal motives? Did princely or military honor command the leader and his enthusiastic Austrian followers to cling to the last to a cause which was already known to them to have been conceived in treason, and, if not criminal from the beginning, had certainly become a "lost cause"? To none of these questions does our author attempt to give an answer. We can certainly find no explanation strong enough to exculpate his hero from the guilt of reckless adventurousness—a guilt which he may have nobly expiated with his blood, though without repentance. It was a strange Nemesis that carried a scion of the house of Austria, three hundred years after the death of Charles V., to the shores deluged with Aztec blood by that monarch's *conquistadores*, to perish by a bullet at the hand of an Aztec chief!

RUSKIN'S MODERN PAINTERS.*

ALL the more important of Mr. Ruskin's writings have been republished in America by Mr. Wiley's house, though in a form very different from that of the beautiful English editions. The appearance of a new issue of the reprint of "Modern Painters" gives occasion for a brief review of the author's work as artist and writer upon art. It is our purpose to abstain from all consideration of those writings upon ethics, government, and society which have given Mr. Ruskin a wider and, for the present at least, a less enviable notoriety than his artistic labors. His largest book, that mentioned above, with twenty-five years between the dates of its first and its fifth volume, begun for the purpose of proving and establishing an important fact in modern art history, never forsaking its original end, but, in the task, ranging over earth and the world of thought in search of the profoundest truths of nature and spirit, is in itself an embodiment of Ruskin's mind from early manhood up to a mature age. During those years through which there went on the slow growth of "Modern Painters" other books were produced which are nearly as well known. The "Seven Lamps of Architecture," the "Stones of Venice," several smaller books, and many lectures, pamphlets, articles, and letters received and contained the surplus matter, the outside accretion of thought which found no proper receptacle in the central book itself. In all these we find the same strong conviction that good in art is much like good in other things, not a creation of law, but the reason why laws are created; an absolute thing which, indeed, one may fail to reach and yet be forgiven, but which is never to be ignored or denied without ruin following. It is not without an effort that the author keeps to his self-allotted task; the truth outside of the world of art seems to him not altogether distinguishable from truthfulness in art itself; so that his peculiar views upon political economy occasionally find brief utterance. But up to the close of the fifth volume of "Modern Painters" the thought upon these subjects is confined to generalization, and does not crystallize into those sumptuary laws the unskillful promulgation of which has made even the admirers of the author stand aghast.

The first object of Mr. Ruskin's life as a writer was to claim for Turner, the landscape painter, then an old man and past his artistic prime, the place and character of the greatest of all landscape painters, and a genius fit to rank with the few great painters of the world. To this task he was called by his own impatience at foolish, captious, and ungrateful fault-finding—a tone of discussion adopted by the English press of the time in regard to Turner's noblest works, too narrow and inconsiderate to be called criticism, too absurd to be worthy of serious refutation but for the mischief it was doing. During the half-dozen years before the appearance of the first volume of "Modern Painters" the most magnificent of Turner's works had been exhibited upon the walls of the Royal Academy, and had been greeted with unanimous abuse and foolish jesting by press and people. To Ruskin the pseudo-criticism of the wiseacres of the day was in every way horrible. As a constant student of landscape and of all natural beauty—as a lover of good art and of verity of every kind, he hated to see such falsehoods circulated in regard to noble pictures; as a lover of men, he chafed at the folly which kept his countrymen from a pure and lofty pleasure; as a personal friend and devoted admirer of Turner, he suffered from the attacks which were wearing out the soul of the great artist. He commenced a letter to the editor of some review—a mere protest against foolish carping at Turner. The letter grew into a volume. It was published as Volume I. of "Modern Painters," and received with great interest and more general approval than has been given to any of Ruskin's

subsequent works. People had not then found out how many vested interests were attacked, and how many favorite old humbugs were endangered by this new Quixote.

The publication of this volume, and the fact that it found readers, seem to have startled the author into recognition of the truth that he had made himself an art critic without sufficient preparation. It was one thing to cry out against the gabble of the newspapers and show that Turner was the greatest of living landscape painters; to a practised draughtsman and close observer this was easy; it was another thing to establish Turner's claim to a seat beside Titian and Leonardo. He had not proposed to himself the devotion of his life to the study of art; but now something very like that was forced upon him. The work upon "Modern Painters" was suspended, and in the prime of early manhood he went at the study of the fine arts with the same energy and devotion which most men give to money-making business. Already a skilful draughtsman, his power grew with every day's work; already familiar in more than the usual sense with the greatest works of art in Europe, he studied them now as other men study the markets and the tendencies of trade. His notion of studying Lombard architecture was to copy line by line its most precious remaining buildings, and stone by stone its loveliest sculpture. If he sought to know Florentine painting, it was by setting up his easel and copying the precious originals in form and color. In this way he studied art for ten years, while still retaining his hold on nature by that careful drawing out of doors, both in black and white and in color, which had been familiar to him from early youth.

One interest grew out of his study on the continent of Europe which threatened to put to one side the interpretation of Turner to the world, and did delay that primary work. The fancy for Gothic architecture which was then taking hold of the educated classes in Europe was causing the ruin, under the name of "restoration," of some of the noblest buildings left from the Middle Ages, while it had not availed to save any of them from destruction out and out to make room for modern buildings. Tortured every day by the sight of this hopeless and remediless destruction going on around him, busied in making careful drawings of parts of buildings which the morrow would see dashed to pieces, powerless to prevent or delay the annihilation of works of art which could never be replaced, and of which perhaps the only record would be left in his own drawings—he turned more and more towards this part of his work, and for a time followed the study of ancient architecture as an end instead of a means. The attempt to awaken a living interest in Gothic architecture, an interest which should suffice to save his beloved monuments from destruction, became a secondary duty, not conflicting with the primary object of interpreting Turner and his relations to landscape painting, but pursued side by side with it, and never relinquished until years had shown the utter futility of the task. Some little good has come to modern building through the exertions of Ruskin and his followers, but for the preservation of the noble buildings they loved it has been in vain that they strove. Within thirty years half the best architecture in Europe has been swept off from the face of the earth and the remainder mostly renovated into nothingness.

Books so large as "Modern Painters" and "The Stones of Venice" find but few readers in our days. Even the charm of the illustrations cannot keep many men or women attentive to the text through hundreds of large octavo pages. It is because of this that these books fail of their effect. There are few men who have read "Modern Painters" carefully through, and yet no one but he who has can be said to know much about Ruskin's writings. The smaller books are generally inferior, the lectures notably so, and, though crowded with information and suggestion, are incomplete in reasoning, sometimes hasty in assertion, and nearly always unfortunate in expression. But "Modern Painters" is of a completeness and gravity not attained by any part of any of the smaller works except one. It grows, as Mr. Ruskin himself has said in another case, like a tree, branching in many ways, but developing always into fuller life. One who wishes to be led into a true feeling for art ought to read and re-read "Modern Painters."

The general tendency of Ruskin's teachings in art is always right. The separate and detached expressions of opinion are always worthy of careful consideration, and are nearly always stimulating to thought, but are open to question as to their complete or partial rightness. In saying this, we mean not only the early opinions which matured thought has modified, as in the notable instance of the relative rank given to Venetian painting in the first and in the fifth volume of "Modern Painters." These changes are the best proof of real because growing knowledge, and of that flexible-mindedness essential to the investigator. We refer rather to hasty generalizations, and assertions too sweeping because too hotly made. But this

* "Modern Painters. By a Graduate of Oxford." New York: John Wiley & Son. 5 vols. 1868.

consideration does not prevent us from giving this advice to the student of art about to visit Europe—copy every piece of description and of criticism of pictures, statues, buildings, and scenery from all Ruskin's writings, classify them geographically, and study each thing commented on with the aid of the comments. It is not too much to say that it is altogether impossible to study art aright, nowadays, without seeking aid continually from Ruskin's books. And as to the questionable accuracy of some statements, it is safe to say that the student had better take them all at first as absolutely true, and gradually learn to discriminate, than to close his eyes and ears by too much doubting.

HOSPITAL DAYS.*

"In the autumn of 1865, when the new Peace on all the hills and fields made them seem so sweet and fair, we found ourselves, a family long parted, exploring the by-roads in the north New Hampshire country. Following, one day, a winding green wagon-track, far from the main road, we came upon a desolate rough farm half way up the lower slopes of the Bartlett mountain. A dozen sheep were scattered over the stony field, and among them sat a man in the full uniform of a Zouave, baggy trousers, gay-braided jacket, cap, tassel, and long bright crimson scarf, complete. He had but just got home from some distant post with very little back pay in his pocket for the sick wife, and none at all to spend in sober clothes, and had gone at once to work upon the obstinate farm, all in his gay attire. He seemed a little stunned by the silence round him. He 'missed the drums,' he said. We had a little talk over the old days already so distant although so near, and left him, the sun touching the red and the blue of his bright garments, tending his sheep under the solemn hills.

"One who sits and listens for the drums to-day seems like the Zouave among the sheep crofts; the flags and the music have marched so far away. And yet there may be some in these times of gain-getting, pleasure-seeking, and 'reaction' who are not sorry to look backward a little, now and then, and refresh from the old fountains their courage and their love of country."

This charming little bit of prose—picture and music in one—is the introduction, or rather the prelude, to a delightful book, which we should be glad if all our readers could see. Nothing nearly so good has been written by any one else of the many who have told us about the life led by the wounded and sick and their nurses in the Union hospitals. The author's style is admirable; hardly anywhere else, perhaps, so elaborately finished as in the passage we have just read, and perhaps not the worse for that; but those whose taste is not entirely pleased by a polish quite so high will be readiest to remember that the native texture of the material must be firm and fine before such polish is possible. Throughout the book itself, when once we get into it, we have almost unfailingly the elegant but unbookish and not too precise English which, as somebody says, cultivated women naturally talk in its perfection, but to write which is to give a proof, not much oftener given by women than by men—confessedly incapable of it—of possessing a rare and excellent literary taste. We intend, however, that the book, which is privately printed and will be seen by only a few persons, shall speak its own praises both in this and in other respects. But first it is proper to say a word or two concerning its writer. She, with one of her sisters, offered herself as a nurse in the army hospitals, and set out for her post, as the introduction says, "on a blue-and-gold day in the edge of November, a hundred years ago"—which is to say, in the year 1863, in the first days of the war, since when so many of us have lived so long that those times may indeed almost be spoken of as if they were a hundred years ago. She was made superintendent of the hospital at Fairfax Seminary, at Alexandria, within eye-shot of the dome of the Capitol;—"and on the left, looking through miles of airy purple, hung in the smoke of the city and the autumn vapor, the wonderful white dome not yet lifting aloft, nor having the right to lift, the finished figure of Liberty." There, in constant attendance on the wounded, she remained until after the grand review of Sherman's and Grant's armies and the breaking-up of the hospital—three laborious, anxious years. This is the description of the beginning of them:

"The morning after their arrival, the newcomers, who had already been formally mustered into the service of the United States, were put on duty in published orders, and were waited on in the store-room by the women-nurses in a body, somewhat prepared to resent if occasion offered, but soon melting and smiling on observing the unformidable aspect of the new authority. 'Them dear lambs!' said old Mrs. B. afterwards, 'what I was afraid of was caps.'"

It was a happiness that too few of our wounded men could have known

to be waited on by nurses who brought into the melancholy wards such cheeriness and brightness as, one would say, must have attended the presence of our story-teller. The humorous stroke which closes the passage we have just quoted is one of a hundred like it that are to be found in these pages; constantly recurring, they give to the narrative, despite the pathos and pain of much of it, a general tone of cheerful courage which, it is hardly doubtful, faithfully represents the general tone of the superintendent's intercourse with her patients. Speaking of her, we mean to be understood of her sister also, whose letters, two or three of which are given, show the same fortunate disposition. Here is another illustration of it. She has previously described the way in which the food is put into a car which, drawn by a double team of stewards, runs on a wooden track from the kitchen to the various wards:

"The superintendent follows in the wake of the diet-cars. Such is the celerity with which the Defenders, even when ill, swallow their food it is impossible to be in more than one or two wards while eating is actually going on. But by beginning at a different and unexpected ward and meal every day the objects of an inspection are pretty well secured. 'Was the gruel right?' 'Did you get a *full* tumbler of punch?' 'You are tired of the beef-tea?' 'Grumble as much as you like.' 'But I do n't want to grumble; I ain't got no complaint to make—only'—(aside to G)—'I'd as lief see the devil coming up the ward as that beef-tea.'"

The following amusing sketch occurs in a chapter on "Women Nurses," of whom in general the author has a good opinion:

"Mrs. M—— announced with dignity at our first interview, 'I am a Daughter of Pennsylvania. You must have heard of Curtin's Daughters. I have been in the field with the — brigade, in such and such battles and such and such skirmishes. All this may be found in my journal.' Then, after a little conversation, she revealed that she had given us the 'sign' or password of two or three orders, and as none had been 'taken up' she inferred we 'was all right.' She had registered a vow not to serve with any 'sisters,' or with members of any secret society. She gave also the details of an interview with the general superintendent who had visited the hospital not long before. The nurse corps paraded. 'Here,' said the child of the Keystone State. She looked hard at me, and says she, 'So you're the regiment woman!' at which I drew myself up, and looking back as good as her, says I, 'No, madam,' says I, 'I am not the regiment woman; I am the *brigade* woman.' Whether the new administration was disappointing, or fresh fields of laurels unfolded elsewhere, I do not know, but in a few weeks 'letters requiring her presence at home' arrived, and the Daughter of Pennsylvania was seen no more."

Still more amusing, we regret to say, is this account of a pretty bad young man, whose sickness had not, apparently, brought him at all into a right way of thinking:

"The extempore speech and prayer sometimes took odd turns. I was present at a meeting when a Defender rose and said he wished to confess to the brethren some particulars of a sinful life. There was once, in such a town, a godless youth, said he—and went on to paint his career: how at the age of twelve he smoked cigars and threw the Bible at his grandmother; at fourteen he played tempins and went sailing on Sunday; at sixteen he ran away from home, etc., etc.; and when we expected the usual conclusion, 'and I who address you to-night, my friends, am that forsaken lad,' he surprised us by clapping his hand on the shoulder of an innocent, blushing youth in front of him, one of the steadiest boys in camp, and shouting his climax, 'which his name is Asy Allen, and here he sets!'"

There must have been need, surely, of whatever light-heartedness and enjoyment of fun one could get. After all, and at the best, it was the house of mourning; very far within the valley of the shadow of death. Companionship with dreadful wounds, with sufferings the sight of which was all the more affecting because they were borne with a quiet courage that gave one fresh respect for human nature, with the mortal illness of the young, with the grief of parents who came too late—this must have made up much of the superintendent's daily life. She says in one place:

"The men were all fond of flowers. Hot-house flowers sometimes came down to us, and the lovely white and crimson carnations were a delight to a sick sergeant, who touched and fondled them, and had them fastened to the frame of the bedstead close by his head, and died with one clutched in his thin fingers. One spring morning I carried a bunch of the first lilacs to a very sick New England boy. 'Now I've got something for you,' I said, holding them behind me, 'just like what grows in your front door-yard at home; guess.' 'Lalocs!' he whispered, and I laid them on his folded hands. 'Oh, *lalocs!* How did you know that?' The lilacs outlived him."

With this following extract we must take leave of a book every page of which we might quote and give pleasure—giving not more than we should feel. Not pleasure alone; for the good it could not but do to every reader, as well as for the pleasure it could not but give, it is to be wished that it might be widely published instead of being merely printed for the eyes of a few:

"I heard a strange moaning in the lower hall one day, like the cry of

* "Hospital Days. Printed for Private Use." New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1868.

some wounded creature, and going quickly down the staircase found S.'s poor old mother, who had come alone from far out West to see him, not knowing how rapidly he had failed. She had stopped at the registry office door, and giving in the name, was thoughtlessly answered by the clerk in one word, 'dead.' We got her up-stairs and made her some tea, and she sat in a chair by the window, bending to and fro, and moaning softly all the afternoon, and saying not a word. Only the next day she was able to hear how good and faithful he had been as a nurse to his comrades, and how peaceful in his death."

Or perhaps it is better to close with this passage taken from one of the letters—simple enough many of them, like this one—which the men used to send back to Alexandria when they had reached home and friends:

"I can never forget you. My daily prayer is that God will spare your life to labor for the poor soldier. The day never passes but I think of the many favors received from surgeon in charge and officers. I was nowhere since I left home where I felt so satisfied as at the hospital. May the Lord bless you and all those who labor with you, and at last may you hear the sweet voice of your Saviour say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR describes for the *Atlantic* a visit that he has recently made to the Islands of Maddalena and Caprera. The latter, as all the world knows, is the home of Garibaldi, to whom Mr. Taylor had excellent letters of introduction. His wish to see the hero was very far removed, he makes us understand, from the mere ordinary man's vulgar desire to make the personal acquaintance of distinguished men. He would by no means have sought an interview with the general directly after the glorious Sicilian and Calabrian campaign, when all sorts of cheap persons would have risked their necks, in fact did risk their necks, in order to get a sight of the great man of the day. But after Mentana, in Garibaldi's day of defeat and neglect, then Mr. Taylor, being in no fear of confounding himself with the multitude, the summer friends, the "flies of estate and sunshine," felt free to present himself before the exile. Garibaldi, as it appears, was for some unknown reason unwilling to see Mr. Taylor, who could get no more satisfactory reply to his overtures than a statement that the liberator was not well and could not receive him. Mr. Taylor explains this awkward-looking affair by giving his readers an impression that a certain doctor—described as a base hanger-on of Garibaldi's, an eater of his substance, a braggart, and a humbug generally—had, by natural antipathy, conceived a deep dislike of him (Mr. Taylor), and by secret machinations had, out of hatred or a thirst for revenge, prevented his seeing the chief.

Mr. De Forest, whom we are always glad to meet in the magazines, has a sprightly paper in this month's *Atlantic* on "The Man and Brother." It is the first of a series of papers on the same subject, and judging them by this first one and by other things that Mr. De Forest has done, we feel able to recommend them almost unreservedly to such of our readers as wish to understand our new Southern citizen. We, for our own part, should make some abatement, we think, from Mr. De Forest's high estimate of the truthfulness of the average colored witness. We speak from experience; an *a priori* reasoner on the subject, recollecting that lying is the vice of slaves, would probably easily find himself at one with us, and incredulous as regards the statements of "the Bureau Major." On the whole, however, he seems to us, as we have said, a safe guide; where to look for a safer we should hardly know, and he is always lively and agreeable.

Miss Agnes Harrison's story, "St. Michael's Night," still keeps the reader interested and pleased. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who is an authority worth listening to, makes a good article on "Modern Methods of Studying Poisons," and gives much information new to the magazine reader in regard to the vegetable poisons woorara and corroval, as well as in regard to the means which the physiologist takes in order to learn the way in which those agents act on their victims. Mr. Whipple is better than usual in dealing with Raleigh and Sidney; but we should say that to speak less about the men and more about their works would perhaps have been a more useful line for Mr. Whipple to take than the one he is apt to take, and has taken in this instance, because the readers who profit most by his criticisms have not, as a general thing, a very familiar acquaintance with the subject-matter of them. "The Face in the Glass" is one of one million such stories alike in all essential respects; but the writer of it knows very well the business of putting them together. Quite a different affair is the critical essay on "The Genius of Hawthorne," by an anonymous writer, in which thoughtful study is more plainly to be seen than literary practice, although the writing is good too. We have not much hesitation, let us remark, in saying "No" to the author when he—or rather she, it seems to be a woman—asks the question whether it was not a master-stroke of genius in Hawthorne to make Miriam, in "The Marble Faun," symbol

ize Italy. Anything symbolizes anything. If Miriam symbolizes Italy, it is very well; but she exists for other purposes, and, as we suppose, no master-stroke had anything to do with relating her to anything but the incidents of her life and to the men and women with whom she is surrounded. But, on the whole, the critic keeps closely to the work in hand, and lovers of Hawthorne will be extremely well pleased with this aid to their study of him. For poetry this last *Atlantic* has pieces by Miss Celia Thaxter, by Dr. Holmes, and by an anonymous writer. Dr. Holmes's "Bill and Joe" is the heartiest and most simply natural expression that he has ever given, so far as we can recollect, to the sentiment which pervades so much of his verse—the man's fond looking-back to the things of youth. It will be read with pleasure. We ought not to forget the "Siberian Exiles" of Mr. T. W. Knox, which contains new information, nor the reviews at the end of the magazine, in which a poor book by Dr. C. B. Boynton—"The History of the Navy"—is well shown up by a critic who is evidently very well read and very intelligent, and in which appears the best criticism of "The Spanish Gypsy" that we remember to have read. That poem, by the way, has been handled with far more fairness and impartiality by American critics than by English.

Of *Lippincott's* for September it is not necessary to say much. A new contributor, with what seems to be the pseudonymous name "Augustus Adeé," furnishes a touching little Parisian sketch, quite cleverly done, called "On Essaie Tous les Gants." Mr. C. A. Bristed begins a set of articles on the "Dispute about Education," but has not yet got far enough into them to make it worth while to pay attention to him as yet. "Nantucket" we found amusing, and so, in another way, was the "Pre-Raphaelite at Saratoga," which has all its jokes italicized and made very easy. Mr. Bayard Taylor is the only writer who signs his name to poetry in the September *Lippincott's*, though there are two or three pieces besides his. His is smooth, and otherwise up to Mr. Taylor's level. By the "Vigil," a piece of blank-verse, we are reminded to say that the proof-reader of *Lippincott's* is a little careless this month, as witness pp. 300 and 326.

Putnam's as well as *Harper's* has something Siberian: Mr. George Kennan gives us a well-written account of sledging in a tremendous snow-storm. Dr. H. Grünbaum's "John and Bridget" is a talk about the derivation and meaning of names, and will be found very unlike the ordinary papers on the same subject, which usually go on repeating each other indefinitely, seldom containing anything that has not, time out of mind, been the property of all the Ladies' Magazines. Dr. Grünbaum brings much learning to bear on the subject, rather too much, perhaps, for he treats of many names that most of his hearers have never heard of. And we must say, we think he is to be warned to shun sportiveness and the tossing of the light joke. Mr. William Young gives us this month the third of his series of articles on Mr. Old's collection of autographs. The letters he copies tend strongly to confirm—Veuve Beauharnais and Mozart being witnesses—the old scandal that the widow was at least well enough inclined to be wooed and won by young General Buonaparte, and the story of the mysterious stranger who engaged Mozart to write him a requiem, and afterwards used to call on the composer urging the completion of the work, till at last Mozart, his sensitive temperament worked upon by the singular circumstances of the engagement, came to regard this requiem as his own funeral dirge, and died before he finished it. Mr. Young gives us also copies of characteristic letters by Oliver Cromwell and Charles the First. The Rev. Dr. Vinton tries to reopen the Eleazer Williams controversy by offering himself as a person convinced of the justice of that gentleman's claims. But he offers, too, the evidence which convinced him, and it is all either absurdly weak in itself or utterly unsupported, or both. The editorial notes to the article are done very gravely, but seem to be really a parody on the notes of editors of real historical documents. "The Situation and the Candidates" is one of those extremely impartial political articles the writers of which see little difference between this and that or that and this, because really they see nothing. "French Newspapers" will be found readable, and so will "A Three-Horned Dilemma." *Putnam's* poetry is almost never good; but this month, if we except Mr. A. B. Street's "Pine," and Mr. Calvert's "Threescore," and Mr. Hatfield's "Organ Chant," it is pretty and good.

"Parole d'Honneur" in *Harper's* continues as well as it begun, and is a vivid picture of the life—or a part of it—of a Southern court-house town, and of the lawless wilderness that so often surrounds it closely. "Women's Work and Wages" contains useful statistical statements, which must represent personal investigations made by the writer among the large work-rooms of the city. The leading pictorial article is another screed by Mr. Parton on the Gorham Manufacturing Company's silver-ware. It is not so well done as a former article on the same subject in the *Atlantic*, but it makes rather better than ordinary letterpress to accompany the

illustrations. Other illustrated papers are on "Travelling in Siberia;" "The Unwelcome Guests of Insects;" "The Last Years of Kosciuszko;" and some chapters of Mrs. Craik's novel. The "Easy Chair" has something to say on foreign travel—in which a good word is spoken for Byron—on Mr. Longfellow's reception in England, on Mr. Evarts's not very civil or dignified speech at the dinner given to the Chinese embassy, and on William Morris's "Earthly Paradise." It is all good, and shows Mr. Curtis at nearly his best in his various capacities of sentimental essayist, literary critic, and censor of minor morals.

In the *Galaxy* Mr. Grant White criticises Mr. Morris fairly well. He appears to be ignorant of the fact that Mr. Morris came before the public when a young man. In his appearances in the *Germ* he hardly can be said to have got before the public; but the "Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems" has been for years well known to such readers as are familiar with late English poetry, and ought to be read by the critics of his more recent works. Mr. White tries, we see, to reintroduce the use of the past-participle in *en*—"sitten," for example—and disfigures his own writing without compensation, unless in his own virtuous consciousness of philological duty performed in the face of an indifferent or sneering world he can find his sufficient reward.

Dr. John C. Peters compiles from books on India a readable account of the way in which cholera begins its march from the holy places of the Hindoos. "For Life" is a story by Miss M. L. Poole, who seems to be improving slightly. Her hero's complexion is still a little too clear an olive, and his eyes more darkly passionate than is very common, and his face a trifle too clear cut and sensitive, and the heroine has more and duller dull pains at her heart than if she were really alive; but on the whole the story "For Life" may be read without that mental goose-flesh which the near neighborhood of stories of this school usually produces. "Great Awakenings" is a feeble article on revivals of religion. "The Galaxy Miscellany" is composed of Mr. N. S. Dodge's spirited account of the collision of two Cunarders off Newfoundland; an agreeable tale about "The Mud Baths of Franzensbad;" "An Old Newspaper," by Mr. C. P. Cranch; some of Mr. George Wakeman's padding made out of old scraps of newspapers; and an article, not of great research, but readable, as such articles are apt to be, by Dr. T. Edwards Clarke, on "Slow and Secret Poisoning." The *Galaxy* "Driftwood" is made up of some sensible talk from Philip Quilibet on "Political Candor," and some conjectures as to the probable effect on the Yankee character of the admixture of German blood which the American race is now undergoing. But it would require a profound ethnologist than the writer to do more than deal in conjectures on this subject. "The Annals of Angling," by Mr. Charles Lanman, contains a good list of recent English works on fishing.

In *Hours at Home*, the Rev. W. W. Patton addresses the religious world in a way that will probably not find much favor among those who speak for the religious world about amusements. But the young men and women who by and by are to be the Church, Mr. Patton has on his side, and what he has written and may write will not be without fruit. Another good article in this month's *Hours at Home* is Dr. D. B. Simmons's "Religion of Japan." "A Chat with Adolphe Thiers" is translated from the German of a gentleman who seems to have been profoundly impressed with respect for the little historian with his big house and big ways; Mr. J. W. Phelps gives a description of the Lincoln College for colored students; Miss Alice Gray, a new writer, tells a pleasant story entitled "Julie Dean;" there is a discourse by Dr. Bushnell, to whom we decline to listen when he preaches on architectural subjects; there are some pretty verses by Grace Hinsdale; there are more chapters of "The Chaplet of Pearls;" there are some agreeable "Leaves from the Unpublished Journal" of a Revolutionary minister, who journeyed all the way from Essex, in Massachusetts, to Philadelphia, where he saw Dr. Franklin—and so the magazine is made up.

The *Catholic World's* most striking article this month is an abusive review of Archbishop Purcell's "Vickers and Purcell Controversy," or rather it is an article for which the archbishop's book is made to stand as a text; there is no reviewing done. Mr. Vickers is declared to be not a clergyman, but a pantheistic lecturer; a "young gentleman;" "coolly impudent;" a person "paternally castigated" by the archbishop; a victim of "lawless intellectual activity," and so on. The fact of the matter is, that the archbishop, who is better fitted morally than mentally to acquire the respect of his neighbors, was worsted in argument with Mr. Vickers a while ago, and some friends of the esteemed prelate cannot miss this opportunity of abusing the impudent young gentleman, who "passed a few years in Germany studying what he calls science." Nothing at all is said of the matter in dispute, and the article in question is a perfect model of the misrepresentation that comes of non-presentation. The non-

partisan reader will find in the September *Catholic World* not very much nutriment. "The Holy Shepherdess of Pibrac" will amuse him, and he will be profited by reading "European Prison Discipline" and "Gheel, a Colony of the Insane," both of which articles are well worth attention; and the account of Madame De La Fayette (translated) is a beautiful picture of conjugal love; but there is nothing besides, we believe. However, three good articles seem to be not a poor allowance, as the magazines go this month; none of them is more than fairly good; none, perhaps, quite up to its own standard.

A MAN IN EARNEST.*

THE subject of this memoir was born in Vermont, in the year 1811. He died in the hospital near Murfreesborough, Tennessee, in February, 1863. Anything concerning him which lay between these two dates and was of vital importance to his fellow-men might, we should say, have been very fully told in half a column of the space devoted by the religious weeklies to obituary notices. As his biographer, who has had five years in which to consider the matter, thinks differently, it may be worth while to lay before the curious reader some account of the facts of Mr. Conant's life, of the opinions he held, and the kind of work he did to earn the title of "A Man in Earnest."

Up to his nineteenth year Mr. Conant seems to have been a reasonably good boy, of whom nothing noteworthy is recorded but that at some very tender age he bore an unjust whipping rather than betray a playmate. But at nineteen Mr. Collyer finds this "bud of promise on the tree of his life": "July 14, 1830.—I, Augustus Hammond Conant, do this day resolve to break myself of every evil practice, and to forsake every sin as revealed to me by the light of reason. So help me God!" In 1832, "starting from Whitehall in the canal-boat Missanic, Mr. Conant went by Fort Ann and Fort Miller to Saratoga." Thence he went on out West. Mr. Collyer devotes eight or nine pages to slight geographical notes of this important journey; and as they are about as significant as anything else that he records, we will transcribe one or two of them: "Jonesville he found a town of two frame and four log houses." "On the Sunday he came to White Pigeon, where he attended meeting all day." "Keokuk he found, in those early days, a sink of depravity—by far the most wicked place he had ever seen in his life." "Marietta, Mr. Conant found a very handsome place indeed; Wheeling, a mile long, built of brick, and containing 8,000 people; Steubenville, flourishing exceedingly; and Pittsburg the wonder of all that his eyes had ever seen since he left home, for elegance, grandeur, and business."

In 1836 we find Mr. Conant on a farm of his own, within twenty miles of Chicago. Beside his farm work, he did nothing very important except keep a diary, from which Mr. Collyer quotes liberally—selecting, however, he says, only such extracts as "will preserve the essential spirit of the entire work." Judging from these extracts, Mr. Conant seems to have had a fondness for brief and concise statements, which appears to have failed of producing its most natural effect upon his biographer. Let us give a specimen or two:

"Sept. 16.—Attended meeting, and read a sermon of Channing's.

"Oct. 16.—Went to the mill.

"Oct. 21.—Returned from the mill.

"Nov. 13.—Went to the miller's to read Channing. Unwell; so wrote temperance address. Temperance meeting; delivered my address. Read 'Statement of Reasons.' Circulated subscription paper for a school. Mended boots."

There are several pages of this kind of thing, of which Mr. Collyer says: "These extracts need no comment; they speak for themselves"—which they do.

About this time Mr. Conant, who appears to have been agitated in a mild sort of way on the subjects of temperance and slavery, fell in with the *Western Messenger*, which was then edited by Mr. James Freeman Clarke, and afterwards with some of Channing's sermons. "The great positive doctrines of Unitarianism" took immediate possession of him. He gave up his farm, sent his wife and children to Vermont, and betook himself to Cambridge, where he passed a year in preparing himself for the ministry. In Cambridge he taught Sunday-school, delivered temperance addresses, heard Dr. Gannett preach, began the study of Greek (which, however, he considered of doubtful utility), wrote letters to the *Western Messenger*, which, he says, had "made him acquainted with some of the master spirits of the age," and had his head examined by a phrenologist. One is not surprised to find that the examination made a considerable impression on him.

* "A Man in Earnest: Life of A. H. Conant. By Robert Collyer." Boston: H. B. Fuller; Chicago: John R. Walsh. 1868.

The year ended, he returned with his family to Illinois, and settled in Geneva, where, for the next sixteen years, he preached to a small Unitarian congregation. In 1857 he left Geneva to go to Rockford, and remained there in charge of another church of the same denomination until the war broke out. His life at Rockford appears to have been marked by no specially remarkable incident except the celebration of his silver wedding, an account of which, about as suggestive as such accounts are apt to be, is copied into the biography from the *Christian Inquirer*. In 1861 Mr. Conant resigned his charge, to take a chaplaincy in the Nineteenth Illinois Regiment. He seems to have enjoyed himself pretty well in this position, and to have done much serviceable hospital work—not to speak of sundry little odd jobs of carpentry which added much to his own comfort and that of other officers of the regiment. He was a good deal troubled at one time by a Mr. Moody, a Methodist preacher, who insisted on praying and preaching in an uncomfortably loud voice, who commented roughly on what he thought Mr. Conant's want of zeal, and who carried away into the prayer-meeting many of the latter gentleman's flock. In 1863 Mr. Conant died in the hospital, of an inflammation of the lungs. Mr. Collyer preached his funeral sermon, and now prints it as the concluding chapter of this memoir. As to the memoir itself, if Mr. Collyer were not in such evident sympathy with the subject of it, we should describe it as a painful and laborious effort to make something out of nothing. As it is, that description will answer well enough for the work performed by Mr. Collyer's readers. The fact of the matter is, that while Mr. Conant was a good man, an estimable member of society, an endurable preacher, a person of much bodily activity, his acts and opinions are of not the least consequence to his fellow-beings generally. It is only Mr. Collyer's love for a telling, or "meaty," or "savory" expression that makes him think the term "an earnest man" in any special sense applicable to Mr. Conant. Earnestness is of the spirit and mind; and before it is proper to call a man "earnest," it is better to require of him rather less arid spirit and a rather stronger and wider mind than Mr. Conant could lay any claim to possessing. However, Western Unitarians who knew and liked the subject of this biography—to say nothing of those who know and like the biographer—will be interested in reading the book, and may very probably be profited by reading it. They will, at all events, get not much harm—though, of course, it is bad to hear exaggerated praise and to learn to use false standards.

The Gordian Knot: A Story of Good and of Evil. By Shirley Brooks author of "Sooner or Later," "Aspen Court," etc. (London: Bradbury, Evans & Co. 1868.)—The tone of Mr. Shirley Brooks's novel is so decorously proper and conventional that it seems almost a pity not to be able to draw from it any profounder lesson than that people who wish to attain any very respectable moral altitude would do well to be born of disreputable, or even actively vicious, parents. Perhaps this was not the precise teaching which the "Gordian Knot" was intended to convey; and the reader, if he be a young married man addicted to clubs and billiards, and coming home late at night, may reasonably hope to profit by Mr. Brooks's exposition of the deleterious effects of such practices on home life and the happiness of wives. For our own part, being prejudiced in favor of the view that there are certain kinds of literary and artistic work which no man of sound mind is justified in undertaking unless he is qualified both by nature and cultivation to produce something which shall at least approximate the best of its kind, we find this novel grievously flat and unprofitable. Mr. Brooks is a man of such evident cleverness that it is the less easy to pardon him for neglecting the absolutely necessary work which may be done with a pen and ink, and to which a man can devote himself as to a business which may be learned by the help of ordinary industry, in order to produce books such as this. What good reason is there why any one should write a novel like this, with not one stroke of genuine character-painting in it, with a story of no conceivable interest or importance, with an objectionable moral and plenty of trite moralizing?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.	Publishers.—Prices.
Adèle Dubois: a Tale, swd.	(Loring) \$0 15
Addington (R. D.), The Sabbath of Life.	(Am. News Co.) 1 50
Alcott (A. B.), Tablets.	(Roberts Bros.)
Field (Miss K.), Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens's Readings, swd.	(Loring) 0 80
Holy Bible, Illustrated by Doré, Part 30.	(Robert Turner) 1 00
La Fontaine's Fables, Illustrated by Doré, Part 15.	(Robert Turner) 0 40
McPherson (E.), Political Manual for 1868.	(Philip & Solomons)
Osborn (H. S.), Teacher's Guide to Palestine.	(J. C. Garrigues & Co.)
Rolfe (W. J.) & Gillet (J. A.), Hand-book of the Stars (Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.)	"
Hand-book of Natural Philosophy.	"
Sartoris (Mrs. A. K.), Medusa, and other Tales, swd.	(Loring) 0 35
Shenstone (W.), Essays on Men and Manners.	(Roberts Bros.)
The Confectioner's Hand-book, swd.	(O. A. Roorbach)
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The Workshop, No. 7, swd.	(E. Steiger) 0 50

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FULLER'S WORKS. Worthies of England, Church History, and Holy and Profane States. 10 vols. 8vo, polished calf, extra, gilt tops, edges uncut. London, 1840.

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